THE

FUGITIVE MISCELLANY.

BEING A

COLLECTION of ſuch

FUGITIVE PIECES,

In PROSE and VERSE, as are not in any other Collection.

With many PIECES never before publiſhed.

LONDON:

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G.R. III. BR. MUS.

Advertiſement.

THE NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL FOR WIT *being finiſhed, and the idea of* a Collection of thoſe Fugitive Pieces of Merit *which occaſionally appear in print, or are handed about in manuſcript, being approved by the public; this volume of* Fugitives *is humbly offered as a* Continuation of the Plan; *but under a different title, that it may not ſeem compulſatory on the purchaſers of the former work to proceed. It is intended to publiſh a volume of this work annually,* in the month of March, or thereabouts, *and to print it in the ſame ſize as the* New Foundling Hoſpital for Wit, *in order that ſuch Gentlemen as chuſe to have both, may be enabled to bind them uniformly, whenever they pleaſe.*

The aſſiſtance of the Ingenious is humbly requeſted. They may be aſſured their favours will be very gratefully received.

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THE

FUGITIVE MISCELLANY.

To Dr. ANDREWS *Provoſt of* Trinity College, Dublin.

By GEORGE *Lord Viſcount* TOWNSHEND.

Ne ſit ancillæ, &c. HOR.

BLUSH not, dear Andrews, nor diſclaim
A paſſion for that matchleſs dame,
Who kindles in all breaſts a flame,
By beauty's magic force;
What tho' o'er Dolly's lovely head *
Summers twice ten are ſcarcely fled;
Is it on that account decreed
She muſt refuſe of courſe?

Miltown, coeval with thy ſire,
Durſt to a blooming maid aſpire,
And felt, or feign'd, a lover's fire

* Miſs Dorothy Monroe, ſince married to ——.

At ſeventy-three, or more.
Bligh, who in Churchill's battles bled,
Took a young virgin to his bed;
No horny dreams diſturb'd his head,
Tho' ſhaking at fourſcore.

Intrepid Lucas, lame and old,
Bereft of eye-ſight, health, and gold,
To a green girl his paſſion told,
And claſp'd the yielding bride:
Then pri'thee leave that face of care,
Let not your looks preſage deſpair,
Be jovial, briſk, and debonnair,
My life, you're not deny'd.

Nor think, my friend, becauſe I prize
Her breaſts that gently fall and riſe,
Her auburn hair, and radiant eyes,
I envy your eſpouſal;
No rival paſſion fires my breaſt,
Long ſince from amorous pains at reſt *;
Nay more, to prove what I've profeſs'd,
I'll carry your propoſal.

* Within two years after writing this, his Lordſhip married Mi
Montgomery.

An EPISTLE

To the Hon. Mr. ——, *in behalf of an unfortunate young Lady.*

——*Quis talia fando*
Temperet a lachrymis? VIRG.

[Among the many miſerable wretches whom Mr. —— has ruined, he ſcarcely, perhaps, recollects the unfortunate Kitty T——y; the intention of the following ſhort epiſtle is to *awaken* his pity, and to recal to his mind a wretched outcaſt, whom it is yet in his power to reſcue from infamy and perdition.

Her extreme * youth, her ſenſe, her beauty, all plead in her behalf. Without putting Mr. —— to any great expence, many ways may be found of providing for her; for himſelf, the author, avows, that the moſt diſintereſted generoſity was his only motive for publiſhing the following lines; ſhould they have the intended effect, he will think his trouble amply repaid.

" Next to relieve innocence diſtreſt,
To plead its cauſe, declares a generous breaſt."]

IF yet, enſlav'd by vice, there reſt
One ſpark of love, or honour in your breaſt;

* Scarcely yet ſeventeen.

If not quite loſt, to every generous ſenſe,
You ſtill can feel for injur'd innocence;
Think of that hapleſs fair—whoſe youthful charms
So lately bleſt your cloſely-circling arms.
The foremoſt once in pleaſure's gilded ſcene,
The faireſt votary of the Cyprian Queen.
Now—to all hope, to every comfort loſt,
By the wide waves of ſtern affliction toſt.
Doom'd to endure the cruel pangs of need,
Caſt from thy boſom like a poiſonous weed;
Doom'd, as deſpair points out the gloomy way,
Along the paths of infamy to ſtray.
Much-injur'd girl, to better proſpects born,
Tho' now abandon'd, left to weep and mourn.
Fortune ſmil'd flattering on her natal hour,
Bleſt her with ſenſe, and beauty's choiceſt flow'r;
Nor were her parents of ignoble race,
In her, a generous line, firſt knew diſgrace:
Her father * ſleeps with thoſe illuſtrious dead
Who fought for Albion, and for Albion bled.
Happy in death—he never liv'd to ſee
His much-lov'd child—his Kitty's infamy.
And can you, —— ——, peace or pleaſure know,
While loſt ſhe wanders, ſunk in guilt and woe.
Recal the hours, when to her blooming face
The ſmile of innocence lent every grace.
When in her love-form'd, and all-ſpotleſs breaſt,
Content and happineſs had plac'd their neſt;

* He was a Captain in the army.

And dwelt, till you, to your eternal ſhame,
An envious fiend, a ſubtle tempter, came.
Triumphant forc'd thoſe virtues to retreat,
And much-reluctant quit their favourite ſeat.
Reflect, one moment, with what treacherous art
You won to love her unſuſpecting heart:
Her all ſhe gave—her peace—her virgin fame——
And fondly chang'd them for remorſe and ſhame.
When torn from a fond mother's laſt embrace,
You gave her to a loſt, a hapleſs race;
With them to proſtitute her blooming charms,
Joyleſs in every comer's loathſome arms.
Say, for that end, was form'd thy Kitty's face,
Her noble air, her more than female grace;
Thoſe eyes, that with ſuch fire and meaning glow,
Thoſe cheeks of roſes, and thoſe breaſts of ſnow;
Thoſe lovely locks, in wanton ringlets ſpread,
Thoſe ivory teeth, thoſe lips as coral red;
Thoſe coral lips, from whence proceed a voice
So ſoft, ſo ſweet, 'twou'd make deſpair rejoice;
No, ſhe was ſurely form'd, thus fair to prove
The perfect joys of pure and mutual love;
To bleſs in Hymen's bands ſome happy youth,
With beauty, virtue, conſtancy, and truth.
Such was her lot, and ſtill in one ſmooth ſtream,
Her hours had flow'd, her life a pleaſant dream;
Had you ne'er come to tempt her far aſtray,
From where meek virtue pointed out her way;
Chang'd this fair ſcene, and blaſted all her joys,
As the rude North the blooming Spring deſtroys.

Full well you knew, to what her youth you doom'd,
To be in anguiſh and in tears conſum'd;
To be of brutal luſt the happleſs ſlave,
To end her ſorrows in an early grave.
What time, what ſchemes, what art you us'd to blind
The dawning virtues of a generous mind;
With what falſe oaths her virgin fears ſuppreſt,
With what falſe hopes inſpir'd her youthful breaſt;
So when to death, the choſen victim's led,
The fatal paths with faireſt flow'rs are ſpread.
Unfeeling youth! e're yet it be too late,
Think on thy once lov'd Kitty's wretched fate.
See, to aſſiſt my words, the fair appears,
Her faded cheeks worn with inceſſant tears;
On you, her grief-ſwoln eyes, imploring throws,
On you, the guilty author of her woes.
And pleads not conſcience, hourly in thy breaſt,
For thy lov'd Kitty, injur'd and oppreſt?
O hear us then, while yet you've pow'r to ſave
The lovely mourner ſinking to the grave.
Yet, yet, ſhe loves, ungrateful tho' you prove,
Cruel and falſe, and ever muſt ſhe love.
Midſt all her griefs, for you, the much-wrong'd fair
Solicits heav'n with never-ceaſing pray'r;
For you, ſhe joyleſs waſtes the ling'ring day,
For you, ſhe weeps the midnight hours away.
Soothe then her ſoul, and ſilence all her fears,
And wipe from her full eyes the ſtreaming tears;
Of ſorrow's cup no longer let her taſte,
Nor in the ſhade of grief her beauties waſte.

To Lady BOYNTON, *cutting her name in the bark of a tree.*

By Sir GRIFFITH BOYNTON.

TO penſive minds ſuperiour truths belong,
Whoſe ſacred precepts form the voice of ſong:
They with ſoft ſolitude ſweet converſe hold,
And love the whiſper'd tale by fancy told.
While on this ſtem (now conſecrate to fame)
Thou giv'ſt to future years the darling name,
What crowding thoughts within my boſom move,
Swell at my heart, and wake each ſenſe of love!
This plant thy *Damon*, in life's fragrant morn,
With foſt'ring hand ſelected from the thorn;
Faſt, with his years the ſhooting ſcion grew;
Nor mark'd the varied ſeaſons as they flew;
Together paſs'd with time his ample round:
(Hark! as you write, he gives the boding ſound)
His * "creeping hours," in myſtic days of yore,
Tun'd the ſweet reed on *Avon*'s fairy ſhore:
Then ill-rewarded worth, or fruitleſs love
Sought, and found ſolace in the lonely grove;
From prying eyes a willing exile ran,
And all th' obtruſive intercourſe of man.
Revolve the paſt, we paint the coming years;
The garlands fancy wove reflection tears;

* Shakeſpeare. As You Like It.

Their roſeate bloſſom moans its balmy prime,
Born on the fleeting wing of ruthleſs time:
Beauty awaits its all-involving gloom,
Nor chears the wintry frown that ſhades the tomb:
Yet be it mine, by truth and beauty fir'd,
To praiſe thoſe charms which *Lyttelton* admir'd.

To the memory of the RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLOTTE, VISCOUNTESS TOWNSHEND, BARONESS FERRERS *in her own right, who died at Leixlip in Ireland, on the 5th of September*, 1770.

By LORD CLARE.

WITH down-caſt look, and pitying eye,
Unarm'd, the king of terrors ſtood;
He laid his ſting and horrors by,
Averſe to ſtrike the *fair* and *good*:

When, thus, an angel urg'd the blow——
No more thy lifted hand ſuſpend!
To conſcious guilt a dreaded foe,
To innocence a welcome friend.

Bright hoſts of cherubs round her ſtand;
To her, and me, confeſs'd alone;
Each waving his celeſtial hand,
And pointing to th' eternal throne,

The angel ſpoke—Nor huſband dear,
Nor children lov'd, a mournful train,
Could from her eye attract one tear,
Nor bend one thought to earth again.

The ſoul, impatient of delay,
No more could mortal fetters bind;
But, ſpringing to the realms of day,
Leaves every human care behind.

Yet ſhall an infant-daughter's claim
Demand from Heaven thy guardian care:
Protect that lovely, helpleſs frame,
And guard that breaſt you form'd ſo fair!

A parent's loſs, unknown, unwept,
Thoughtleſs, the fatal hour ſhe paſs'd;
Or, only thought her mother ſlept,
Nor knew how long that ſleep muſt laſt.

When time th' unfolding mind diſplays,
May ſhe, by thy example led,
Fly from that motly, giddy maze,
Which youth, and guilt, and folly tread!

Theſe never knew the guiding hand
Which leads to Virtue's arduous way:
Mothers, now, join the vagrant band,
And teach their children how to ſtray.

Her ſhall the pious taſk engage,
Such once was thine, with lenient aid,
A father's ſorrows to aſſuage,
His love with equal love repaid.

So ſhall ſhe read, with ardent eye,
This leſſon thy laſt moments give,
" They who, like *thee*, would fearleſs *die*,
" Spotleſs, like *thee*, muſt learn to *live*."

The COTERIE. *A new ballad.*

By a Woman of Faſhion.

YE dames of diſtinction, condemn'd to be wives,
Forget all the cares that embitter'd your lives;
No longer capricious and impotent age
Muſt keep us, like parrots, confin'd in a cage:
For duty and law
We care not a ſtraw,
Reputation's a bugbear to keep us in awe:
But ſpite of our huſbands, our lovers we meet,
And anſwer their paſſion in *Albemarle-ſtreet*.

Dull creatures may trudge in the ſame ſtupid route,
Purſuing the pattern the world has cut out;
We ſingle out pleaſures inchantingly new,
And taſte the refinement of joy with a few,

Who give up their houſes,
Their children and ſpouſes,
To mix in the Bacchanal crew that carouſes
With wine and ſoft intercourſe, tender and ſweet,
And revel till day-light in *Albemarle-ſtreet*.

The brutes of the foreſt their young may protect,
As Nature's emotions incline and direct;
But *we*, who have Reaſon to boaſt as our guide,
Dare ſacrifice feeling to faſhion or pride:
No family fears
Muſt reach us at *Frere*'s,
The ſqualling of children with mirth interferes:
Such muſic is baniſh'd the charming retreat
Of dear diſſipation in *Albemarle-ſtreet*.

While *Charlotte*, whoſe kind occupation affords
Tid-bits for our Commoners, Biſhops, and Lords,
With levees of beauties, and ſophas of down,
Lays baits to inveigle the youth of the town;
Since we are as fair,
And as modiſh our air,
We'll venture to put in our claim to a ſhare,
And try the delights of a ſweet tete à tete,
With beaus and fine fellows in *Albemarle-ſtreet*.

Nor plague us with ſcandal, ye females recluſe!
Whoſe cold inclinations enjoyment refuſe;
But rather, forſaking your drops and bohea,
Be careleſs and kind, and complying as we;

No philtre like love,
Can vapours remove,
Or quicken your pulſe and your ſpirits improve;
So take the *preſcription* prepar'd at your feet,
By Cupid's phyſicians in *Albemarle-ſtreet*.

To a Lady, who accused the Author of Flattery.

SAY not, fair one, that I flatter,
Truſt me, what I ſpeak is true;
Would you have me write a ſatire,
Where the pureſt praiſe is due.

I thoſe praiſes cannot ſmother,
You ſo charming ſeem to me;
What were *flattery* to another,
Barely *juſtice* is to thee.

On a Lady sleeping.

WHEN, for the world's repoſe, my Cæ
ſleeps,
See, Cupid hovers o'er the maid, and weeps.
Well may'ſt thou weep, fond boy, thy power dies,
Thou haſt no darts, when Cælia has no eyes.

Upon a certain Lord's giving ſome thouſand pounds for a houſe.

SO many thouſands for a houſe
For *you*, of all the world, Lord *Mouſe!*
A *little* houſe would beſt accord
With you, my very little Lord;
And then exactly match'd wou'd be
Your houſe and hoſpitality.

PROLOGUE TO A PUPPET-SHEW.

Addreſſed to the Ladies.

FAIR dames, if puppets may preſume to ſue
To ſuch true judges of mankind as you,
Indulge us, ſupplicating ſticks of wood,
Who plead but to be heard and underſtood;
And tho' like modern macaronies made,
Of ſilk and whalebone, tinſel and brocade,
Thus pledge ourſelves courageouſly to pleaſe you,
And promiſe, on our honours, not to teaze you.
Since maſquerades are grown ſo much in faſhion,
That ſqueaking's made the language of the nation,
Let honeſt Punch be from your cenſure free,
And ſmile on unaffected repartee.
In this inſipid, ſentimental age,
Since wit retir'd from the declining ſtage;

Since

Since bards enervate, ſpiritleſs, and tame,
Took decency and dullneſs for the ſame;
Since taſte in affectation dy'd away,
And moral ſentences were ſtil'd a play.
Receiv'd in this poor ſcene, Joy's fav'rite ſeat,
True Engliſh humour ſeeks a laſt retreat;
Here Punch the manners of the mob can paint,
And dreſs his droll conceits in phraſes quaint;
For he's a blade of ſpirit, fire, and fun,
Can drink, dance, dreſs and fight, intrigue and pun;
And tho' more ſhrill be charming Linley's throat,
When ſweetly ſhe prolongs the dying note,
Yet ſtill with tolerable grace he ſings,
And few fine gentlemen ſay better things.
Should ſome by partial prejudices led,
Like living puppets better than the dead,
We might, perhaps, inſtruct them were to find
Amuſements, more adapted to their mind;
Shew tragedies pathetically dreſt,
Or plotleſs comedies without a jeſt.
Yet ere they leave us we would fain impart
A few ſhort efforts of our mimic art;
To prove our manager's creative ſkill,
Who dreſſes, moulds, and moves us at his will;
With one reſerve, leſt you his hopes defeat,
That tho' his humble friends, we never *eat*.

T. H. I.

Written

Written under a Lampoon upon a window.

BEHOLD, ye fair, on every pane,
To rhyme when puny poets try,
ome lady's reputation's ſlain,
And *here*, as in its grave, doth lie.

e cautious then, to whom ye truſt,
Nor credit ev'ry fop's pretence;
ut yield (as ſoon or late ye muſt)
To youths of ſecrecy and ſenſe.

T. H. I.

PROLOGUE *to* All for Love, *acted at* Blenheim-houſe, *in the ſummer*, 1718. *Written by Biſhop* Hoadley, *and ſpoken by Lady* Bateman, *who acted* Cleopatra.

WHILE ancient dames and heroes in us live,
And ſcenes of love and war we here revive;
Greater in each, in each more fortunate,
Than all that ever ages paſt call'd great;
O Marlbro', think not wrong that I thee name,
And firſt do homage to thy brighter fame.
Beauty and Virtue with each other ſtrove
To move and recompence thy early love;
Beauty, which Egypt's queen could never boaſt,
And virtue ſhe ne'er knew, or quickly loſt.
A ſoul ſo form'd and cloath'd heav'n muſt deſign,
For ſuch a ſoul, and ſuch a form, as thine.

I.

tten

But

But call'd from ſoft repoſe, and beauty's charms,
Thy loûder fame is ſpoke in feats of arms.
The fabled ſtories of great Philip's ſon,
By thy great deeds the world has ſeen outdone;
The Cæſars that Rome boaſted yield their bays,
And own, in juſtice, thy ſuperior praiſe:
They fought the empire of the world to gain,
But thou to break the haughty tyrant's chain;
They fought t'enſlave mankind, but thou to free
Whole nations from deteſted ſlavery:
" Their guilty paths to grandeur taught to hate
" By virtue, nor bluſh for being great."
This heap of ſtones which Blenheim's palace fram
Roſe in this form, a monument to thy name:
This heap of ſtones muſt crumble into ſand,
But thy great name ſhall through all ages ſtand.
In Fate's dark book I ſee thy long-liv'd name,
And thus the certain prophecy proclaim:
" One ſhall ariſe who ſhall thy deeds rehearſe,
" Not in arch'd roofs, or in ſuſpected verſe,
" But in plain annals of each glorious year,
" With pomp of truth the ſtory ſhall appear:
" Long after Blenheim's walls ſhall moulder'd lie,
" Or, blown by winds, to diſtant countries fly,
" By him ſhall thy great actions all ſurvive,
" And by thy name ſhall his be taught to live."
O cheriſh the remains of life; ſurvey
Thoſe years of glory which can ne'er decay;
Enjoy the beſt reward below allow'd,
The mem'ry of paſt actions great and good!

The PETITION *of the* FOOLS *to* JUPITER. A FABLE.

Said to be written by David Garrick, *Eſq; and addreſſed to the late Earl of* Cheſterfield.

FROM *Grecian* ÆSOP, to our GAY,
Each fabuliſt is pleas'd to ſay,
That JOVE gives ear to all petitions
From animals of all conditions;
Like earthly kings he *hears* their wants,
And like them too, not always *grants*.

Some years ago—the *Fools* aſſembled,
Who long at STANHOPE's wit had trembled,
And with repeated ſtrokes grown ſore,
Moſt zealouſly did JOVE implore,
That he ſhould ſhield them from that wit,
Which, pointed well, was ſure to hit:
'Twas hard, they ſaid, to be thus baited,
They were not by themſelves created;
And if they were to folly prone,
The fault, they hop'd, was not their own.

JOVE ſmil'd, and ſaid—Not quite ſo faſt:
You were, indeed, made up in haſte;
With little care I form'd your brain,
But never made you pert and vain:
STANHOPE himſelf would be your friend,
Did you not ſtrive my work to mend;
And wildly ſtraying from my rules,
Make yourſelves fops, whom I made fools:
But tell me how, for I am willing
To grant your wiſh, on this ſide killing,

And ſhield you for the time to come.—
" Strike CHESTERFIELD, deaf, blind, and dumb."
" Firſt, in his *tongue*, ſuch terrors lie,
" If that is ſtopp'd he can't reply:
" To ſtop his *tongue*, and not his *ears*,
" Will only multiply our fears;
" He'll anſwer both in proſe and verſe,
" And *they* will prove a laſting curſe:
" Then ſtop, O ſire of gods and men!
" That ſtill more dreadful tongue, his pen:
" Spare not, good JOVE, his lordſhip's *ſight*,
" We ne'er ſhall reſt, if he can write."
Hold, hold—cries JOVE, a moment ſtay;
You know not, fools, for what you pray:
Your malice, ſhooting in the dark,
Has driv'n the arrow o'er the mark.
Deaf, *dumb*, and *blind*, ye ſilly folk!
Is all this rancour for a joke?
Shall I be pander to your hate,
And mortals teach to rail at fate?
To mend a little your condition,
I'll grant one third of your petition;
He ſhall be *deaf*, and you be free
From his keen, brilliant repartée,
Which, like high-temper'd, poliſh'd ſteel,
Will quicker wound than you can feel:
With fear, with weakneſs we comply,
But ſtill what malice aſks, deny:
How would APOLLO, HERMES, ſwear,
Should I give ear to all your pray'r,

And blaſt the man, who from his birth
Has been their fav'rite care on earth?
What, tie his tongue, and cloud his ſight,
That he no more can talk than write!
I can't indulge your fooliſh pride,
And puniſh all the world beſide.

An Anſwer in the name of Lord CHESTERFIELD.

GARRICK, I've read your *Fool's Petition*,
And thank you for the compoſition;
Tho' few will credit all you ſay,
Yet 'tis a friendly part you play;
A part which you perform with eaſe,
Whate'er you act is ſure to pleaſe.
But give me leave, on this occaſion,
To make one little obſervation:
Though no good reaſon is aſſign'd,
At leaſt not any I can find,
Why I ſhould be *deaf*, *dumb*, or *blind*;
Yet ſince it was reſolv'd above,
By this ſame fool-obeying Jove,
I muſt not ſpeak, or hear, or ſee,
Purely to ſoften the decree,
He might have left the choice to *me*.
Were that the caſe, I would diſpenſe
With ſight, and wit, and eloquence,
Still to retain my fav'rite ſenſe;

For

For grant, my friend, we would admit
What ſome may doubt, that I have wit;
What are the mighty pow'rs of ſpeech,
What uſeful purpoſe do they reach?
When vain and impotent you ſee,
Ev'n down from *Socrates* to *me*,
All the *bons-mots* that e'er were ſaid
To mend the heart, or clear the head;
Fools will be fools, ſay what we will,
And raſcals will be raſcals ſtill.

But rather I your caſe would be in,
Say you, than loſe the pow'r of ſeeing;
The face of nature you will ſay
Is ever chearful, ever gay,
And beauty, parent of delight,
Muſt always charm the raviſh'd ſight.

This choice perhaps I might commend,
But here, you have forgot, my friend,
That Nature's face, and Beauty's heav'n,
Loſe all their charms at ſeventy-ſeven;
The brighteſt ſcenes repeated o'er,
As well you know, will pleaſe no more;
The proſpect's darken'd o'er with age,
The drama can no more engage,
We wiſh, with *you*, to quit the ſtage.

In ſhort, it is a point I'm clear in,
The beſt of ſenſes is, our hearing;
Happy who keeps it ſtill, and he
Who wants muſt mourn the loſs like me;

For though I little ſhould regret
The table's roar where fools are met,
The flatt'ring tribe who *ſing* or *ſay*
The lies or tattle of the day;
Still have I cauſe for diſcontent,
Still loſe what moſt I muſt lament,
The *converſe* of a *choſen few*,
The *luxury* of—*hearing* YOU.

ODE *for the Fifth of* November.

——*Incedis per ignes*
Suppoſitos cinere doloſo.—— HOR.

Coll. Ball. Oxon. 5 Nov. 1769.

STROPHE.

WHERE woods the hoary cliffs embrown,
Wild waving o'er the dizzy ſteep,
Whoſe ſhaggy ſides impetuous down
The gliſt'ning torrents rudely ſweep;
A lofty pile uſurps the ſky,
Whoſe mould'ring turrets nod from high,
With creeping ivy twin'd around.
Oft in the happier days of Rome
Mad orgies ſhook the vaulted dome,
The pealing groves rebellow to the ſound.
Down rapid Tiber's echoing banks its flies,
Where Rome's imperial ſpires in proud arrangement riſe.

ANTISTROPHE.

Hark! what unuſual tumult wakes
The long-huſh'd thunders of the fane!
Again the pealing foreſt ſhakes,
The vaulted dome reſounds again.
Ah! ſee a ghaſtly train
Emerging from the hollow blaze,
Which gilds the horror of the gloom,
And all the infernal ſcene betrays.
Muttering words of awful doom,
With hurried ſtep, and threat'ning mien.
Fanataciſm, ſable-cinctur'd Queen,
Shoots frenzy from her ſparkling eyes.
Ambition ſtalks before with bloody plume,
And points the terrors of his gleaming lance,
In ermine veil'd; behind her, ſighs
Hypocriſy, enrapt in myſtic trance,
Thrice waves the magic circle of her rod—
Thrice bows her triple crown with dire majeſtic nod.

EPODE.

" Now lours the ſtorm, ſhe wildly cry'd,
And murmurs o'er its mourning prey,
And flings eruptive ruin wide,
To blaſt the roſy ſmiles of day.
Where roars the proud Atlantic ſurge,
And tow'ring billows billows urge,

To laſh Britannia's rocky ſhore,
There lurking vengeance ſternly ſcouls,
And there ſedition panting prowls,
To quaff her tears and ſtreaming gore."

STROPHE.

" Mourn, ye ſons of Albion, mourn
The laurel wreaths of glory torn,
Whoſe verdure ſhade your haughty brows,
On the ſwift wings of vict'ry borne.
No more ſhall ride your lordly prows
Thro' the loud clamours of the raging deep.
Weep! ye ſons of Albion, weep!
No more ſhall wanton in the breeze afar
Your flutt'ring banners rear'd in banks of war;
Nor fate beam direful on your quiv'ring ſpear,
The bounding fury curb'd, which wings its bold career."

ANTISTROPHE.

" Deep in the dun-embow'ring grove,
The Abbey ſpreads its Gothic gloom:
Far from the genial warmth of love
The flower of beauty waſtes its bloom.
Proſtrate at the midnight knell,
Repentance lifts to heav'n her ſighs;
Yet nerveleſs in the lonely cell,
Virtue droops, and vigour dies;

The Queen of Ocean captive lies,
And vainly checks the indignant groan,
And fiercely rolls her glaring eyes;
While low ſhe licks the duſt of yonder throne,
Whoſe ſordid baſe the duſk of Tartarus ſhrouds,
Whoſe towering head is loſt in ſhades of deepening clouds."

E P O D E.

Hark! what tranſport loads the gale!
Around the voice of rapture rings;
Hail! ye ſons of Albion, hail!
" Wake to joy the trembling ſtrings;
" Rouſe the dull ear of pale deſpair,
" And ſmooth the frowns of brooding care.
" Ye, whoſe patriot boſoms glow,
" Now bid the ſtream of pleaſure flow;
" Treaſon foams and gnaws her chain,
" Her blunted ſpear was hurl'd in vain;
" With rage, retorted, bounds the blow,
" Which dreadful roſe to whelm the ſtate,
" Poiz'd on the tottering verge of fate.
Scar'd at the ſound, the fury ſhrinks,
And ſwift to Stygian darkneſs ſinks.
Her train, on rattling pinions borne,
Ruſh from the roſy ſmiles of morn.

PERIWIGOMENOS.

A *congrutulatory* ODE *from the body of* Barbers *to the* King, *upon wearing a* Wig, *written at the requeſt of the fraternity of* Shavers, *by* Cha. Curl.

BARBERS, *ſhavers*, *dreſſers* all,
Obey the glorious call;
Pour oil upon your heads and ground,
And ſnap your fingers round!
Snip, ſnap!
Now each prepare his ſhining ſtrap,
And let his razor glide along,
Quick by ſtarts, but let the ſtrokes be ſtrong.
Hail! hail! all hail this day!
The King he threw his hair away!
Joy to his razor'd head!
Joy to the *Tyburn bob!*
That firſt did wed
His fat, his jolly nob.

O! what joys will now come after,
Curl your muſcles boys with laughter!
Ev'ry barber takes his rig,
George the Third, boys, wears a wig;
Smooth his Royal pericranium bare,
O! 'tis a noble nob without its hair.

Come ſweet tripping, buxom daughter,
Draw us lily heads of porter!

PE-

And

And let it riſe,
In lily foam, or rather
Like the faireſt lather,
Sparkling to our longing eyes.

You've heard an antient ſtory, barbers white,
Of *Berenice*'s hair,
Which has the ſkies bedight;
She, ſhe, ſhe,
Delightful, royal drab,
Was not free, free,
Alas! from the ſcab.
When the firſt barber of the pole,
A great, a mighty ſoul;
Did invent,
To her content,
A covering for her head;
For this invention,
Drew the attention,
Of each Egyptian ſeer;
Who ev'ry year,
For years before
By mighty Mars had ſwore,
That their oracle was big,
With ſomething uſeful, ſomething queer,
And this, and this, ye barbers was a WIG.
Happy, happy, happy hair,
None but the fair
Deſerve a WIG,

The gods beyond meaſure,
Took infinite pleaſure,
To curl and frizzle
The old lady's grizzle;
In honour of Conon the ſhaver,
Her hair it found favour,
  Above and below,
  Below and above,
Barbers have no foe,
  No, no, no:
  They are the ſons of love.
  From the clouds now look down,
  Nor Berenice frown.
  Tho' a Wig bears the Crown!
Thy ſpleen and anger do not hurl,
Nor with thy water wet a precious curl!
  But let it eaſily ſit
  Upon his ſeat of wit!
  Shew thy benignity,
  Unto its dignity!

Cha. Curl, Poet-hairial to the Company of Gentlemen Periwig Makers.

The RAPTURE.

On L—y M—— H——, now L—y ——.

IN vain have ſages ſtrove to tell
Where female beauty loves to dwell;
And be it rightly underſtood,
No univerſal rule is good.

In ſome, the face enjoys the charm,
An ear, an ancle, or an arm;
Above, beneath, around 'tis plac'd,
Or wholly center'd in the waiſt.
But every other charm forgot,
Be mine alone the happy lot,
To feaſt my feelings with the ſight
Of thoſe rich regions of delight,
Where real beauty ſits confeſt,
In all her ſoft allurements dreſt,
And revels in Maria's breaſt.
Soft ſcene of pleaſure, ſeat of bliſs,
On which to print a melting kiſs,
Were ſenſe too exquiſitely fine,
A banquet for a lip divine!
Like two round hills of marble white,
Nor meeting, nor dividing quite;
Their top with gems of coral ſtain'd,
Their ſides with beds of ſaphire vein'd;
The rival twins their ſummit ſhew,
And ſhade the fertile vale below.
May no too envious tucker riſe
To vail thoſe beauties from mine eyes;
When like a ſea of milk they wave,
And ſeem with fancy'd ſtorms to heave;
Now troubled with a lover's ſighs,
In bolder billows ſeem to riſe;
Now ſink into a ſmoother plain,
But ſoftly ſink to riſe again.

Ye gods! tho' raſh be the requeſt,
O let me once again be bleſt,
And give me not alone to ſee,
(That bliſs in a confin'd degree)
But preſs thoſe hillocks plump and round,
And feel them from my touch rebound;
Whoſe tempting whiteneſs might incline
Yourſelves your planets to reſign;
And each deſcended from his ſphere,
Remain a willing captive *here*.
Oh! grant it love's preſiding pow'rs,
To you I'll ſacrifice my hours,
Both night and day forever your's.

VERSES *to a* YOUNG LADY, *with a new edition of* Shakeſpeare.

ACCEPT, ſweet maid, each ſcene that *Shakeſpeare drew*,
Scenes, whoſe great leſſons may improve ev'n you!

Tempeſt.

Behold your image in his *Tempeſt* ſhewn,
For ſure *Miranda*'s ſpotleſs mind's your own!—

Gentlemen of Verona.

Let falſe *Verona*'s rake your anger move,
But ſpare his friend, who boaſts a conſtant love.

Merry Wives of Windſor.

To check your mirth though prudiſh matrons try,
With Miſtreſs *Ford* in harmleſs frolicks vie.

Ye

Meaſure

Meaſure for Meaſure.

Like *Iſabel*, on virtue found your pleaſure;
" Quit like with like, give *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure*."

Comedy of Errors.

With *Adriana*'s, be your rage ſuppreſs'd,
For life's a ſcene of *Errors* at the beſt.

Much Ado About Nothing.

From *Claudio*'s ſcorn, and injur'd *Hero*'s blame,
Learn what ſmall ſlips o'erturn a woman's fame.

Love's Labour Loſt.

To try their temper, lovers ſometimes roaſt
Like *Roſaline*, whoſe *Labour* was not *Loſt*.

Midſummer Night's Dream.

Like *Hermia*, rather from a parent part,
Than yield your perſon, and withold your heart.

Merchant of Venice.

Wiſe *Portia*'s caſkets, ere you wed, employ;
Who chuſe for riches, ne'er will give you joy:

As You Like It.

And when your point, like *Roſalind*, you've carry'd,
Strive not to wear the breeches when you're marry'd.

Taming the Shrew.

Still *Kath'rine*'s conquer'd paſſions keep in view,
Ere ſome *Petruchio* comes to *Tame a Shrew*;

All's Well that Ends Well.

And when your Graces have a *Bertram* warm'd,
Think, no bad huſband is a rake reform'd.

Twelfth Night.

When *Belch*, or *Ague-cheek* for love applies,
Deteſt the drunkard, and the fool deſpiſe.

Winter's

Winter's Tale.

Ne'er of your huſband's friend too fond appear,
Leontes' jealouſy may elſe be near.

Macbeth.

And leſt ambition blaſt your peaceful life,
Behold the end of *Cawdor*'s guilty wife.

King John.

Of love maternal mark the influence mild,
When widow'd *Conſtance* weeps her murder'd child.

King Richard II.

Through changing fortunes let thy faith be ſeen,
A bright example ſhines in *Richard*'s Queen.

King Henry IV. 2 *parts.*

And, if a ſoldier you ſhould chance to marry,
Know, while he's abſent, you at home muſt tarry.

King Henry V.

Like t'other *Kate*, no fault'ring lover blame;
Half French, half Engliſh, honeſt love's the ſame.

King Henry VI. 3 *parts.*

O'er pious *Henry*, ſorrow's tribute pay—
But make your huſband *kiſs* as well as *pray*;

King Richard III.

Yet claſp no ſtateſman, *Gloſter* like, too cloſe,
Soon cloy'd, they'll give poor Lady *Anne* a doſe.

King Henry VIII.

And know, like *Bullen*, ſhould you match above you—
The great may marry—but not long will love you.

Coriolanus.

No patriot *Marcius* take, their faith's but brittle,
They love their country much—their wives but little.

Julius

Julius Cæſar.

To *Portia*'s actions, all but one, aſpire—
For what is drinking drams but ſwallowing fire?

Anthony and Cleopatra.

Hate ſpendthrift *Antonies*, who cram the fair,
And make them drink the pearls they'd rather wear

Timon.

To no grave *Timon* be your favour ſhewn,
He ne'er can love your ſex who hates his own:

T. Andronicus.

No cook, like *Andronicus*, deign to try,
Whoſe great ambition ſoars to raiſe---a pye.

T. and Creſſida.

Nor e'er like *Creſſid*, wanton girl, be led
By ſome old *pander* to a lawleſs bed.

Cymbeline.

Accept no *Poſthumus* content to roam;---
Such, ſend their ſpies to tempt a wife at home.

King Lear.

Your deareſt children's wav'ring duty fear,
Nor give up all your wealth like beggar'd *Lear*.

Romeo and Juliet.

But let ſome *Romeo* that ſoft nature move,
Mix with thy ſoul, and yield thee love for love:

Hamlet.

In each rude *Hamlet*'s boſom ſcorn a part,
Whoſe only triumph is to break your heart:

Othello.

And all *black* huſbands---they're enough to fright on
May *Zara* long live happy with a *white* one!

IMPROMPTU, *by* Mr. HORACE WALPOLE, *on ſeeing the* Ducheſs of Queenſbury *walk at the* Princeſs Dowager of Wales's *funeral.*

TO many a *Kitty*, Love his car
Would for a *day* engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
Obtain'd it for an *age*.

Occaſioned by the above.

WHEN Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
The Strawberry bard inſpir'd,
She who the world with Cupid's car
For a whole age has fir'd;
" Gueſs why," ſhe cry'd, " his praiſe I ſhare
" With Roman and with Greek?
" Such connoiſſeurs admire the rare,
" And prize the true antique."

An ADDRESS *to the* GOUT, *on its firſt* VISIT, *by a young Country Patient.*

WELCOME!——thou friendly earneſt of fourſcore;
Promiſe of wealth—that haſt alone the pow'r
T'attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.
Thou, that doſt Eſculapius deride,
And o'er his gallipots in triumph ride;

Thou, that art us'd t'attend the Royal throne
And underprop the head that bears the crown;
Thou, that doſt oft in Privy-Council wait,
And guard from drowſy ſleep the eyes of ſtate;
Thou that upon the Bench art mounted high,
And warn'ſt the Judges not to tread awry;
Thou that doſt oft from pamper'd Prelate's toe,
Emphatically urge the pains below;
Thou, that art ever half the city's grace,
And add'ſt to ſolemn doodles ſolemn pace;
Thou, that art us'd to ſit on ladies knee,
To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea;
Thou, that art ne'er from velvet ſlippers free;
Whence comes this unfought honour unto me?
Whence does this mighty condeſcenſion flow,
To viſit my poor tabernacle?—Oh!
As Jove vouchſaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis ſaid,
At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed;
Pleas'd with the ſpare but hoſpitable feaſt,
Jove bad him aſk, and granted his requeſt:
So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine,
Begot on Venus, by the God of Wine)
My humble ſuit—and either give me ſtore
To entertain thee, or ne'er ſee me more!

THE Editor of Mr. Cawthorne's poems has omitted to inſert, in his edition, the following copy of verſes, which were prefixed to that Gentleman's excellent poem of Abelard to Eloiſa on its original publication

publication. The pamphlet from which theſe lines are taken is become very ſcarce, and they are too excellent to be loſt, I beg therefore to ſee them in the Fugitive Miſcellany.

To Miſs ———, *of* Horſemanden, *in* Kent.

WHEN wit and ſcience trimm'd their wither'd bays,
At *Petrarch*'s voice, and beam'd with half their rays,
Some heaven-born genius, panting to explore
The ſcenes oblivion wiſh'd to live no more,
Found *Abelard* in grief's ſad pomp array'd,
And call'd the melting mourner from the ſhade.
Touch'd by his woes, and kindling at his rage,
Admiring nations glow'd from age to age;
From age to age the ſoft infection ran,
Taught to lament the hermit in the man;
Pride dropt her creſt, ambition learn'd to ſigh,
And dove-like pity ſtream'd in every eye.
Sick of the world's applauſe, yet fond to warm
Each maid that knows with *Eloiſe* to charm,
He aſks of verſe to aid his native fire,
Refines, and wildly lives along the lyre;
Bids all his various paſſions throb anew,
And hopes my fair to ſteal a tear from you.
O bleſt with temper, bleſt with ſkill to pour
Life's every comfort on each ſocial hour;
Chaſte as thy bluſhes, gentle as thy mien,
Too grave for folly, and too gay for ſpleen;

Indulg'd to win, to ſoften, to inſpire,
To melt with muſic, and with wit to fire;
To blend as judgment tells thee how to pleaſe,
Wiſdom with ſmiles, and majeſty with eaſe;
Alike to virtue as the graces known,
And proud to love all merit but thy own!

Theſe are thy honours, theſe will charms ſupply,
When thoſe dear ſuns ſhall ſet in either eye;
While *ſhe*, who, fond of dreſs, of paint and place,
Aims but to be a goddeſs in the face;
Born all thy ſex illumines to deſpiſe,
Too mad for thought, too pretty to be wiſe,
Haunts for a year fantaſtically vain,
With half our *Fribbles* dying in her train:
Then ſinks, as beauty fades and paſſion cools,
The ſcorn of coxcombs, and the jeſt of fools.

To Mr. ALLEN RAMSAY, *upon his publiſhing his ſecond volume of Poems. By Mr.* Somerville.

HAIL Caledonian bard! whoſe rural ſtrains
Delight the liſt'ning hills, and chear the plain
Already poliſh'd by ſome hand divine,
Thy purer ore what furnace can refine?
Careleſs of cenſure, like the ſun, ſhine forth,
In native luſtre, and intrinſick worth.
To follow nature is by rules to write,
She led the way, and taught the Stagirite.

Fro

From her the critic's taſte, the poet's fire,
Both drudge in vain 'till ſhe from Heav'n inſpire:
By the ſame guide inſtructed how to ſoar,
Allen is now what Homer was before.
Ye choſen youths! who dare like him aſpire,
And touch with bolder hand the golden lyre!
Keep nature ſtill in view; on her intent,
Climb by her aid the dang'rous ſteep aſcent
To laſting fame. Perhaps a little art
Is needful, to plane o'er ſome rugged part;
But the moſt labour'd elegance and care,
T'arrive at full perfection muſt deſpair.
Alter, blot out, and write all o'er again,
Alas! ſome venial ſins will yet remain.
Indulgence is to human frailty due,
Ev'n Pope has faults, and Addiſon a few;
But thoſe, like miſts that cloud the morning ray,
Are loſt and vaniſh in the blaze of day.
Tho' ſome intruding pimple find a place
Amid the glories of Clarinda's face,
We ſtill love on, with equal zeal adore,
Nor think her leſs a goddeſs than before.
Slight wounds in no diſgraceful ſcars ſhall end,
Heal'd by the balm of ſome good-natur'd friend.
In vain ſhall canker'd Zoilus aſſail,
While * Spence preſides, and candor holds the ſcale.

* *Mr. Spence, Fellow of New College, in Oxford, and Poetry Profeſſor, who publiſhed ſome very candid remarks on Mr. Pope's Odyſſey.*

His gen'rous breaſt, nor envy ſours, nor ſpite,
Taught by his † founder's motto how to write,
Good manners guides his pen. Learn'd without pride,
In dubious points not forward to decide.
If here and there uncommon beauties riſe,
From flow'r to flow'r he roves with glad ſurpriſe.
In failings no malignant pleaſure takes,
Nor rudely triumphs over ſmall miſtakes.
No nauſeous praiſe, no biting taunts offend,
W'expect a cenſor, and we find a friend.
Poets, improv'd by his correcting care,
Shall face their foes with more undaunted air,
Strip'd of their rags ſhall like * Ulyſſes ſhine,
With more heroic port, and grace divine.
No pomp of learning, and no fund of ſenſe,
Can e'er atone for loſt benevolence.
May Wykeham's ſons, who in each art excel,
And rival antient bards in writing well,
While from their bright examples taught they ſing,
And emulate their flights with bolder wing,
From their own frailties learn the humbler part,
Mildly to judge in gentleneſs of heart.
Such critics (Ramſay) jealous for our fame,
Will not with malice inſolently blame,
But lur'd by praiſe the haggard muſe reclaim.
Retouch each line 'till all is juſt and neat,
A whole of proper parts, a work almoſt compleat.

† *William of Wykeham, whoſe motto was, Manners maketh man.*

* *Vid. Hom. Od. L.* xxiv.

So when ſome beauteous dame, a reigning toaſt,
The flow'r of Forth, and proud Edina's boaſt,
ſtands at her toilet in her tartan plaid,
n all her richeſt head-geer trimly clad,
The curious hand-maid, with obſervant eye,
Corrects the ſwelling hoop that hangs awry,
Thro' ev'ry plait her buſy fingers rove,
And now ſhe plys below, and then above,
With pleaſing tattle entertains the fair,
Each ribbon ſmooths, adjuſts each rambling hair,
Till the gay nymph in her full luſtre ſhine,
And * Homer's Juno was not half ſo fine.

Epiſtle to a friend by the late WILLIAM HOGARTH, *occaſioned by a Picture's being returned on his hands by Sir* R. G.

TO your charge, the other day,
About my picture and my pay,
In metre I've a mind to try,
One word by way of a reply:
To riſque, you'll own, 'twas moſt abſurd,
Such labour on a rich man's word;
To loſe at leaſt an hundred days
Of certain gain, for doubtful praiſe;
Since living artiſts ne'er were paid;
But then you know it was agreed,
Should be deem'd an artiſt dead,

* *Vid. Hom. Il. L.* xiv.

Like Raphael, Rubens, Guido, Rene;
This promiſe drew me fairly in,
And having laid my pencil by,
What painter was more dead than I?
But dead as Guido let me be,
Then judge my friend 'twixt him and me.
If merit crowns alike the piece,*
What treaſon, to be like in price?
Becauſe no copy'd line you trace,
No copy'd colouring, copy'd grace,
The picture can't be right you're ſure;
But ſay, my critic connoiſſeur,
Moves it the heart, as much or more,
Than picture ever did before?
This is the painter's trueſt teſt,
And this Sir R——d's ſelf confeſt.
Nay, 'tis ſo moving, that the Knight
Can't even bear it in his ſight;
Then who would tears ſo dearly buy,
As give four hundred pounds to cry?
I own he choſe the prudent part,
Rather to break his *word*, than *heart*;
And yet methinks 'tis tickliſh dealing,
With one ſo delicate—in feeling.
However, let the picture ruſt,
Perhaps time's price-enhancing duſt,
As ſtatues moulder into earth,
When I'm no more, may mark its worth;

* The picture on the ſame ſubject ſold at a ſale for four hundred pound

And future connoiſſeurs may riſe,
Honeſt as ours, and full as wiſe,
To puff the piece and painter too,
And make me then what Guido's now.

The Old Man of VERONA.

By the Rev. J. LANGHORNE.

HAPPY the man, whoſe life's whole ſcene has laid
In the dear fields of his paternal home,
Leans on his ſtaff, where once a child he play'd,
And counts long annals of one little dome.

He never, wandring, drank of ſtreams unknown,
Nor bore the toils of Fortune's various war:
He hears no tempeſt's rage, no battle's groan,
Nor the wild clamours of the wrangling bar.

Stranger to buſineſs, and the town, though near,
O'er Heaven's clear vault he takes his viſual range,
Marks by its produce the revolving year,
Its fruits and flowers, the conſuls of its change.

The ſun that riſes o'er his eaſtern plain,
Seeks o'er its weſtern bounds his nightly ſea;
The day, thus meaſur'd in his own domain,
Sinks in the ſweet eaſe of ruſticity.

The oak, that now its tall head proudly rears,
He well remembers once an humble ſpray,
Counts o'er his long contemporary years,
And, like himſelf, beholds his groves decay.

Tho' near *Verona*, that he knows no more
Than Indians darkening in the ſun's fierce flame;
Tho' fame has told him of the Red Sea's ſhore,
He thinks *Benacus*' borders are the ſame.

Yet health is his, the ſtrong limb's ſinewy might,
Robuſt he ſees his third-deſcending heirs:
In diſtant climes let others take delight,
His, longer life, and longer journies theirs.

A TALE.

A Certain maid, too prudiſhly inclin'd,
Though not averſe to Hymen's band,
Propos'd, within herſelf, to find,
The moſt complete of all mankind,
Ere ſhe would give her hand.
He muſt be handſome, witty, rich, and young,
Of gentle manners, and of graceful air,
Not over brown, nor over fair;
One that knew when to ſpeak or hold his tongue;
From ev'ry vice and folly free,
Nor jealous hot, nor cold indifferent be;
Mark that!
The Prude knew what ſhe would be at:

Now men of *birth* and *rank*, and *parts*
Approach at beauty's call,
To make an offer of their hearts,
But ſhe deſpis'd them all,
One had a ſquint in his left *eye*;
Another's *noſe* was all awry;
This of every manly charm poſſeſt,
But then, he ne'er had been in *France*;
With ſenſe and wit another bleſt,
Could neither *ſing* nor *dance*:
'Twas this, 'twas that,
'Twas Lord knows what!
For prudes are ever over nice,
Diſdainful, formal, and preciſe.
Theſe gone, ſome men of *lower* claſs,
Now proffer terms to wed,
Am I reduc'd to ſuch a paſs?
She cry'd, then ſcrew'd her mouth; and toſs'd her head;
To take up with each paultry fellow!
Thank heaven the fruit is not ſo mellow!
Who waits there? John, how came this thing about?
The way theſe folks got in, pray ſhew them out.
I am not quite ſo deſperate grown,
To gnaw my ſheets becauſe I lay alone.
Thus glorying in her ſcornful airs and pride,
Years ſlipt away—and ſhe not yet a bride!
The plum began to loſe its *bloom*:
And now, with grief, ſhe ſees each day,
A ſmile, or grace ſtill creep away,
And leave a *wrinkle* in its room.

Vainly

Vainly her charms ſhe ſtudies to retain;
Paint, patches, and pomatums all are vain.
O time! thou greateſt robber of all robbers!
What pity 'tis, there are no beauty jobbers!
A *houſe* repair'd may look as good as new;
But for a *face*, 'twill never do.
Our prude began to vex, and fret;
Her looking-glaſs was ever ſaying,
What, don't you ſee your charms decaying?
Make haſte, or you'll no huſband get.
Complain'd ſhe us'd her beauty ill.
Do prudiſh boſoms harbour then deſires?
Pure are their thoughts, and barely *warm* their fires,
Of that you'll be convinc'd anon.
For now reduc'd to her laſt ſtake,
She was reſolv'd a puſh to make,
For what her heart was ſet upon;
And ſo for love, and virtue's ſake,
She wedded with her *Fectman John.*
Would you the ſweets of virtuous love enjoy?
Young maids, for you I tell the tale,
Be not too yielding, nor too coy,
Cupid is an unlucky boy,
A feather ſometimes turns the ſcale.
Where age, and wealth, and humours ſuit,
Let not a trifle raiſe diſpute.
For ſhe who is too hard to pleaſe,
Will run the riſk (pray note it well)
To live a maiden all her days;
And then lead *Apes in hell.*

*Verſes ſaid to have been written by Lady B——t L—e, on ſeeing the Padlock * performed at Weſton, the ſeat of* SIR HENRY BRIDGMAN, *Bart.*

IN Albion's Iſle, ere hoary time grew old,
The fairies wiſh'd a midnight feaſt to hold;
A council call'd of elves and fairy ſprites,
The gliding revellers of ſtar-light nights:
The ſubject ſtrange requires a nice debate
To ſolve new doubts, and ev'ry caution ſtate;
Where they ſhould hold their gayly ſportive rites,
Their fears all calm'd, the fairy queen invites;
To Weſton's woods the bidden gueſts repair,
Enchanting ſeat! of all that's wiſely fair.
The rural ſcene with wonder they reviſe,
Eclips'd by nought but fair Eliza's † eyes;
Her pleaſing form, and gentle winning grace,
Breathe gay delight, ſerene, o'er ev'ry place;
Redundant ſmiles her dimpled cheeks diſplay,
And ſteal e'en envy's venom'd ſhafts away.
Fairies and jealous mortals jointly own,
The roſe not half ſo fragrant, newly blown;

* *Leonora*, *Miſs* Pigott, } Daughters of
Mungo, *Miſs* Pigott, } Lord Pigot.
Learder, *Maſter* Henry Bridgman.
Urſula, *Miſs* Bridgman.

† *L——y B——n.*

That

Verſes

That Hybla's ſweets amidſt her treſſes play;
She ſofter, milder, ſweeter far than they.
The fairy queen reluctant feels her pow'r,
And ſteals to reſt beneath a hawthorn flow'r:
Firſt bids her train the fair Eliza tend,
Guard o'er her charms, and to them aweful bend.
Pleas'd with the charge the blooming loves advance,
They ſing, they play, they weave the twining dance
They firſt relate Diego's ill-ſtarr'd fate,
In age lamenting for a youthful mate.
Next they rehearſe the pangs of Henry's love,
In ſtrains as ſmooth as Cytherea's dove;
Thou, lovely boy, no future pain ſhall own,
Love's pointed arrow ſhall by thee be thrown
And Leonora love but thee alone.

Aid me, ye nine, with ſprightly lines to grace
The well-ſtole looks of Mungo's merry pace.
Nor let the careful Urſula bemoan,
My lays requite all merit ſave her own.
You prov'd that nature yet could rival art,
For ſenſe and judgment grac'd your perfect part.
O beauteous maid, receive my humble pray'r;
May fate ſtill mark you fortunate as fair:
May you, in each new ſcene of buſy life,
Play well the part of daughter, mother, wife;
Receive th' applauſe your merits juſtly claim,
And yield to none in virtue or in fame.
In that firſt page let Patſhull's ſyren ſhine,
Her air prevailing, and her voice divine;

er dulcet lays and warbling notes proclaim
er blitheſt Philomel of Weſton's plain.
ay fairy powers theſe pleaſing ſtrains requite,
rew fragrant flowers and tend your flocks by night;
ed o'er your virgin hours content and reſt,
nd chaſe each aching ſorrow from your breaſt.
The maſque was ended, and the buſy crew,
ager of praiſe, to fair Eliza flew.
ith grace benign, to each ſhe juſt decrees
hat with the wiſh they gain'd the power to pleaſe;
hat each to Mab one acorn-cup ſhould bear,
o prove their merit bore an equal ſhare:
'er the pale green they trip, and bounding ſtray,
o ſportive fawn ſo innocent and gay;
o the arch'd bower their acorn goblets bear,
nd wake their Queen, new conqueſts to declare.
cund ſhe ſprings, with joy their tribute views,
lls them with æther and ambroſial dews;
hen leads the feſtive dance by Cynthia's light,
nd by approving does their toils requite:
uick o'er their eyelids ſheds their languid juice,
ſtill'd from cowſlips, for lov'd Oberon's uſe;
balmy ſleep they drop, by Mab inſpir'd,
all regretted, and by all admir'd.

An EPISTLE.

Written from the AUTHOR *to his* MISTRESS.

YOU I love, my deareſt life,
More than Georgy loves his wife,
More than Miniſters to rule,
More than North to play the fool,
More than Nabobs love to rob,
More than Pitt to catch the mob,
More than Camden loves grimace,
More than Barrington his place,
More than Clive his black jagheer,
More than Bute the royal ear,
More than patriots love their price,
More than Fox loves cards and dice,
More than cits the court to ſpite,
More than Townſhend not to fight,
More than Colebroke heaps of pelf,
More than Elliot loves himſelf,
More than Aldermen their gut,
More than Hillſborough to ſtrut,
More than cullies love a jilt,
More than Groſvenor horns well gilt,
More than Dartmouth loves field preachers,
More than Huntingdon her teachers,
More than Carliſle thoſe who cheat him,
More than Long Tom thoſe who treat him,
More than Pomfret a lead mine,
More than Weymouth play and wine,

More than fools at wits to nibble,
More than Walpole loves to ſcribble,
More than Lyttelton to write,
More than black-legg'd March to bite,
More than country 'ſquires their dogs,
More than Mawbey loves his hogs,
More than demi-reps a ſpark,
More than Martin a ſure mark,
More than Grafton loves his pimps,
Or the Devil loves his imps,
More than Tories love the Stuarts,
More than ſtaunch Whigs love all true hearts.

Thus, my fair, I love you more
Than ever man lov'd maid before.

Preſent State of GREAT BRITAIN.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, *L. L. D.*

A Thouſand horrid prodigies foretold it,
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of ſinking ſtates.

The following ſix lines are not inſerted in Mr. Churchill's works, though well known to be written by him.

PROUD Buckingham, for law too mighty grown,
A patriot dagger prob'd, and from the throne
Sever'd it's minion. In ſucceeding times,
May all thoſe Fav'rites who adopt his crimes,
Partake his fate, and every Villiers feel,
The keen deep ſearchings of a Felton's ſteel.

IT was the favourite maxim of Brutus, "That thoſe who live in defiance of the laws, and cannot be brought to a trial, ought to be taken off without a trial."

Some time ago we had an account in the papers, of a pam-per'd horſe, who diſturbed ſome colonies of bees, and overturn'd their hives; in defence of which they furi-ouſly attacked him, and ſtung him to death; which occa-ſioned the following lines.

THAT man who would a tyrant be,
And ſtrives in wretched chains to ſee
The freeborn ſubjects of a ſtate,
Should dread to meet this horſe's fate:
For his example plainly ſhows,
Ev'n little inſects can be foes;
Whoſe ſtrength combin'd, will far exceed
What's found in one of larger breed.

An uſeful leſſon hence I draw,
To be obſerved by each Baſhaw,
(Who vainly with his power ſwells)
The greateſt ſtrength in Union dwells.
When all oppreſs'd, as one unite,
To vindicate their native right,
They'll eaſily the means contrive,
To drive the ſpoiler from the hive.

Lines on the three Chimney-ſweepers, who having received ſix ſhillings, a half-crown, two ſhillings, and three ſixpences, for killing three dogs, in order to make a juſt diviſion, changed the whole into pence, and alternately took a halfpenny each.

GO to the urchins with ſoot-blinded eyes,
Their ways conſider, ſtateſmen, and be wiſe.
Behold how juſtly they diſputes compoſe,
Without e'en bloodſhed from a bloody noſe;
Whilſt you, diſputing how your rights to ſhare,
"Cry havock, and let looſe the dogs of war."
Are helliſh battles ſhun'd much better, then,
By imps of devils, than by ſons of men?
Why France, why Britain, war ye in the Weſt,
Whilſt for a peace example ſtands confeſt?
One claims this province, and that diſtrict t'other,
But where the boundaries lie, creates a pother;
The whole, to ſmaller equal parts divide,
Then, like the urchins, your diſputes decide;

Farthings of land, like coin, in books we ſee;
Pleaſe acres better, acres let them be,
Be both the Generals, then, alternate takers
Of all theſe farthings, or of all theſe acres,
'Till of theſe acres and theſe farthings none
Are left to take—to quarrel for not one;
Perhaps by fools they may in jokes be maul'd,
And both gilt Generals, copper Captains call'd;
But by the wiſe, they both will be commended,
Who, like wiſe-acres, thus the war have ended.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies honeſt Ned,
If his mother had gone,
Or if it had been his ſiſter,
Or if it had been his brother,
Or the whole generation,
But here lies honeſt Ned,
Becauſe he is dead;
'Twere as well, or all one;
We ſhould never have miſs'd her;
There is juſt ſuch another;
'Twere better for the nation:
So there's no more to be ſaid.

The CONVERTS: *a familiar Ode. Addreſſed to Sir* G----- L--------, *when* CHAN-----R *of the* EX------R, *in* 1756.

I.

SIR G-----, put off that ſtrange diſguiſe,
What with your peruke's monſtrous ſize,
Your gown, and band, and purſe,
I ſcarcely knew you; in your dreſs,
In credit too, perhaps, not leſs,
You're alter'd for the worſe.

II.

Had you a *call?* or was't a light
From Court, that ſhone upon your ſight,
Made you a politician:
Ordain'd to teach and propagate
The *doctrines*, and the *Creeds* of *State*,
By *Min--t----l miſſion?*

III.

Of taxes, your three children dear,
'Tis hard you only one can rear:
One in it's birth dy'd quickly,
The laſt, which came before it's hour,
Tho' nurs'd by B------d's changeling pow'r,
Is ſtill lean, poor and ſickly.

IV.

The former iſſue of your brain,
Songs, eclogues, odes, a hopeful train,
Smil'd lovely at their birth;
And now grown up, in credit thrive,
Still flouriſh, and will long ſurvive,
When you're laid low in earth.

V.

Had'ſt thou not better, ſtill have play'd,
With *Hagley* muſes in the ſhade?
They oft with rapture heard
Your younger voice in, in gladſome lays
Reſounding matchleſs Delia's praiſe,
And bleſs'd the tuneful bard.

VI.

Of you conceiv'd, they better hope,
Charm'd with the ſtrain to Poyntz and Pope,
And pleas'd with letters Perſian:
But all in tears, alas! they burſt,
And mourn that fatal hour, when firſt
You meddl'd with converſion.

VII.

Converſion favour'd by the great,
Encourag'd both in church and ſtate;
How wiſely, who can ſay?
For dealers in that ſhifting trade,
Who their *old* friends have once betray'd,
May *new* ones too betray.

VIII.

But whether converts, true or feign'd,
Or place, or penſion, all have gain'd:
You know, Sir, there are many,
Who've ſerv'd at leaſt their private ends;
And inſtances among your friends,
May do as well as any.

IX.

How many have, *like fawning Bower*,
Of late renounc'd the Papal power,
For *George*, our faith's defender?
An *Engliſh Biſhop*,* Johnſon's made,
And Stone and Murray have betray'd,
The cauſe of the Pretender.

X.

Old Horace too, believes or dreams,
'Tis right to forward treaty ſchemes,
Converted by a Peerage;
An honour, ſure, full dearly earn'd,
To lick that hand, which overturn'd
His brother at the ſteerage.

* Biſhop of Worceſter,

XI.

XI.

Now, whether Fox to Hardwicke grave,
Or he to Fox is turn'd a ſlave,
Let that ſtill reſt a doubt:
Both hate each other, yet agree,
'Tis better far, *in* place to be,
On *any* terms, than *out*.

XII.

You think ſo too, then be *tranſlated*,
I fear you'll elſe again be baited,
By wits and ſneering ſcoffers:
For quiet, and *for ſalary ſake*,
You can't do better than retake,
The charge of houſhold coffers.

XIII.

Your talent, not in figures lies,
Leave eſtimates, accounts, ſupplies,
Not worthy your regarding;
To wiſer heads, not his who rules
The Treaſury, but his working tools,
Money-ſlaves, W----t and H------g.

XIV.

'Tis vain relying on his Grace,
Secure to keep you in *this* place,
Beyond his power and art is;
He, mounted up ſo high of late,
Is a meer ſhuttle-cock of ſtate,
Kept up by adverſe parties.

CONSTITUTIONAL *and* POLITICAL ENGLISH CATECHISM. *Neceſſary for all families.*

Q. WHAT kind of people are the Engliſh?

A. A nation generous, brave, free, reſtleſs, and inconſtant.

Q. Are they happy?

A. Exceſſively; and moſt ſo when they think they are on the brink of ruin.

Q. How do you claſs them?

A. The moſt general and natural diviſion is, into rich and poor, wiſe men and fools.

Q. Who are the rich?

A. Biſhops, p——ps, and j—ges, gamblers, quack-doctors, placemen, and phyſicians; merchants, who know when to break with judgment, ſub-ſheriffs, ſtock-jobbers, attornies, and mountebanks.

Q. Who are the poor?

A. The inferior clergy, moſt of the nobility, all the army (except one or two over-grown Generals) ſome of the r——l family, tavern bullies, led couſins, and every author in the nation.

Q. Who are the wiſe?

A. Men whoſe reaſoning faculties are all concentred in finding out the means to accompliſh the one thing neceſſary to ſublunary felicity.

Q. What is that?

A. Making a fortune.

Q. How is this done?

A. It is uſually effected, either by preying in a bare-faced legal manner on our fellow creatures, or by ſilently taking advantage of their follies and weakneſſes.

Q. Who are theſe people?

A. They may be compriſed in the following liſt: apothecaries, uſurers, footmen in great families, counſellors in good practice, Italian eunuchs, pawnbrokers, nabob-hunters, bawds and toad-eaters.—Theſe are the wiſe: they could not, with ſtrict propriety, be claſſed with the rich, becauſe they ſometime (though rarely) miſs of their end.

Q. Who are the fools?

A. All thoſe who let love of pleaſure, eaſe, fame, or literature, on any conſideration, interfere with this grand purſuit, viz. players, ladies of eaſy virtue, thoughtleſs rural ſquires, prime miniſters, virtuoſi, ſchool-maſters, and projectors—All theſe are fools.

Q. Is England fertile in ſtateſmen?

A. No country more ſo; they are as plenty as maggots in a Cheſhire cheeſe, that has lain ten years mouldring.

Q. Where do they inhabit?

A. In the day time behind a counter, in the evening at a coffee-houſe, tavern, or ale-houſe.

Q. Are there many patriots in England?

A. Many pretended ones.

Q. How many real ones?

A. One in a century.

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Q. What are the qualifications requiſite to conſtitute a man a patriot ?

A. He muſt be inſolent without meaſure, of a voluble tongue, or ready at his pen, a bare-fac'd liar, a man of abandoned principles, incapable of bluſhing, and, in fine, he muſt be proof againſt any bribe—but a large one.

Q. Are there many ſects in this country ?

A. Yes; Methodiſts, Jews, Papiſts, Quakers, Atheiſts, Hutchinſonians, Mahometans, Anabaptiſts, Preſbyterians, Free-thinkers, Deiſts, and New-Lights.

Q. What is the eſtabliſhed religion in England ?

A. Open infidelity.

Q. Do they worſhip no real or ideal being ?

A. Yes; they have two domeſtic deities, to whom they pay great honours,—theſe are faſhion and ſelf-intereſt.

Q. What is faſhion ?

A. An agreeable tyrant.

Q. What is its progreſs ?

A. It begins with the vain, is improved by the ſilly, and ſtops with the wiſe.

Q. What does it regulate ?

A. The dreſſes of the ladies—the philoſophical, religious, and political tenets of the men—the hours of meals, and the value of toys. It determines which is the beſt ſtage-dancer, the beſt phyſician, the beſt millener, the moſt eloquent divine, the moſt heavenly

opera,

opera, the ſoundeſt lawyer, and the fineſt woman of pleaſure. Moreover, it regulates and fixes the taſte of the town.

Q. What is the preſent taſte?

A. It conſiſts in preferring kickſhaws to Engliſh beef and pudding; dying away at an Italian opera, or having a capacity ſufficiently enlarged and exalted to catch in a ſhort time the favourite airs of Artaxerxes, or the Maid of the Mill.

Q. What is the conſtitution of England?

A. It is not like wit, "a thing much talked of, not to be defined;*"—but it is like many other matters a thing much talked of, and little underſtood.

Q. Are there any laws in this country?

A. So many that they ſerve to perplex one another.

Q. Whom do they bind?

A. The meaner ſort.

Q. What good end do they anſwer?

A. They transfer, by a kind of magic charm, the properties of weak, well-minded perſons to their own members, emphatically ſtiled the limbs of the law, who make up about one fifth part of his Majeſty's ſubjects. Beſides which it allows particular privileges to particular perſons.

Q. What are thoſe privileges?

A. To the elder ſons of wealthy eſtated men, the privilege of being fools; to young men of great families, who have been ſix months in the army, to command

* *Vide Otway's Venice Preſerved, Act.* 1.

mand old men who have been in it forty years; to pal-
ry garret ſcribblers, the privilege of railing at their ſu-
periors; to old diſappointed courtiers, the privilege of
condemning preſent meaſures, whether right or wrong;
nd to M—-s of P———, the privilege of not paying
heir debts.

Q. What privileges doth cuſtom allow?

A. To fine women, the privilege of talking non-
ſenſe; to favourite actors, the privilege of behaving in-
ſolently to the public; and to ſtale maids, the privi-
lege of uttering nothing but ſcandal.

Q. What is the army?

A. Sometimes a ſchool of good manners, but oftner
of vice and immorality.

Q. How do officers riſe?

A. By merit.

Q. How many different kinds of merit are there?

A. Four: The firſt conſiſts in having a pretty large
ſum at command; the ſecond, in being ſon to a noble-
man in place; the third, in marrying the b——d or
wh——re of a G——l O——r; and the laſt, in be-
ng a talebearer and lickſpittle to the C——l of the
———t one belongs to.

Q. What is the duty and buſineſs of an officer?

A. In time of peace to ſaunter from tavern to ta-
ern, and from coffee-houſe to coffee-houſe; from
ourt to the play, and from the play to the bagnio;
rom the bagnio to Vauxhall, thence to Ranelagh,
nd from thence to Hyde Park. All theſe duties to be

performed

performed in a red coat, with a ſhoulder-knot and cockade.

Q. What is his duty in time of war?

A. To be ready to go at a word to the freezing regions of Newfoundland or Hudſon's Bay, or to the burning climes of Senegal or Grenada; and when there (if ſtill alive) for a certain daily ſtipend, to ſtand patiently as a mark to be ſhot at, till he is bid to move, and then to kill as many people (whoſe faces he never ſaw before) as he poſſibly can.

Q. What is good-nature?

A. Squandering one's fortune upon proſtitutes, hangers-on, gamblers, and intimate friends of half a day's ſtanding, and finally reducing one's ſelf from a ſtate of eaſe and affluence, to indigence and beggary.

Q. What is good fellowſhip?

A. Being drunk every night, and ſhortening one's little portion of life, at leaſt a dozen years, by various exceſſes.

Q. What profit does it bring to a man?

A. He is called a jolly dog, and d—d honeſt fellow, and has not the trouble of thinking.

Q. What is politeneſs?

A. Swearing with a good grace; never giving the lie, cuckolding one's moſt intimate friend, and then killing him fairly; forgetting one's old acquaintance, and ſpending twice one's income.

Q. What are the chief curioſities in England?

A. It is a land fertile in wonders; the following as they are moſt rare, are reckoned the moſt c-

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ious.—A modeſt woman of quality, a primitive biſhop, real maid of five and twenty, an exciſeman with a conſcience, an author with a ſecond ſuit of cloaths, N——n of common ſenſe, a woman who has continued three months a widow, a theatrical hero of modeſty and œconomy, an attorney without a cloven foot, and a man of parts, wit, and learning, with a thouſand a year.

An eſſay on Modern Eloquence and Patriotiſm

I Saw, with pleaſure, your ſcheme of a Fugitive Miſcellany, a ſcheme which will at all times be attended with conſequences of great public utility, but s at this juncture moſt particularly ſeaſonable, when ſo many excellent papers of public utility are loſt, by there not having been any ſcheme of preſervation offered to the world: whenthe deplorable condition of our country calls for the preſervation of the labours and hints of all her honeſt ſons; loaded with debt, labouring under a ſcarcity of all the neceſſaries of life, diſtracted n our counſels, colonies diſſatisfied, the mother-country provoked, forced into a mean compoſition with an over-grown, haughty, uncontroulable, ambitious monopoly; but, what is ſtill of greater conſideration, we re at the eve of a new Parliament, upon whoſe wiſdom nd integrity our only hope of relief does now ſeem to eſt; two bad Kings in ſucceſſion have been generally ooked upon, as equal to the ruin of a nation; one Parliament, where the folly and wickedneſs of many

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are ſuppoſed to operate, have been always found ſo extenſively pernicious, as very nearly to accompliſh the work: but the alarms given to liberty by ſuch a Parliament, are ſo loud as ſeldom to fail of awakening the people; they determine to amend their choice of repreſentatives, the conſtitution revives, and our laws are reſtored to their wonted vigour; thanks to the wiſe inſtitutions of our anceſtors, which have preſerved the power of frequently recurring to the collective body of the people; and to this grand reſtorative of political health, I flatter myſelf we ſhall reſort, with ſucceſs, in onr preſent unhappy circumſtances.

Out of ſeven millions of inhabitants in this kingdom, there are not probably one hundred, whoſe conduct has received its form from any thing but example; it is here, and not in an obſervance of nature, or a ſubmiſſion to reaſon, that in every complexion of life, the ſprings of motion are placed: *exemplo non ratione vivimus*, ſays Seneca. And it is remarkable, that this tendency in mankind is quite uninfluenced by a regard to reward or puniſhment, for the cottager is ſure to admire, and would wiſh to imitate, in his own little ſphere of action, ſome illuſtrious character, which he has heard of from a news-paper, although he can never hope to ſee the original. And ſo it is in matters of a higher nature; the ſect of Zeno, though rejecting the belief of the ſoul's immortality, did, notwithſtanding, hold up the example of the Deity as the pattern of their lives, and human nature was overſtrained, by copying

the divine one. It is therefore from an innate reſpect for excellence, real or imaginary, that this propenſity has ariſen; we compliment ourſelves, at the ſame time, by ſuppoſing a capacity of reſembling whatever has pre-eminence, and afford no ſmall gratification to our indolence, by avoiding the labour which muſt attend a tedious inveſtigation of the nature and relations of things: in private families we ſee this rule almoſt univerſally take place, and happy would it be for nations, if the uſurpations of a few bad men, upon that ſuperior importance which is due to the Prince alone, did not take off from the weight and impreſſion of his excellent example: when an end ſhall be put to that uſurpation, then, and not till then, ſhall we ſee a virtuous people formed by the model of a virtuous Prince.

But, Sir, as this idea of excellence acts ſo powerfully, there is nothing more our duty, than to ſtrip a character of any aſſumed worth, or unmerited diſtinction; theſe are tributes to real virtue, and to that alone. Attacks, therefore, made upon theſe impoſtors ſhould not be looked upon as the language of calumny or ill-nature, but bold and generous efforts to undeceive our fellow ſubjects. Many are the evils which have been produced in our nation, by the ſeveral patriot apparitions, which the good people of England have lately ſeen; and which, like other apparitions, upon a near approach, vaniſhed into air: ideal patriots have engroſſed the whole attention of the gazing multitude, and it is to them we have learned to look up for every political bleſſing; this madneſs has been epidemical, and a madneſs it muſt be, for although conſtantly deceived, we ſtill continue to con-

fide. How have we admired a Walpole, whilſt under the perſecution of a Tory adminiſtration? How reviled and deteſted that ſame Walpole, when cheating us of our Triennial Parliaments, and ready to deal the fatal blow of a General Exciſe, againſt the almoſt expiring liberties of our country? To our enthuſiaſm for patriots was Pulteney indebted for his elevation to the zenith of popularity; by the ill-directed *affections* of his fellow ſubjects, were the avenues of crown-honours opened to that ſmooth-tongued, mean-ſpirited diſſembler; but he ſoon ſunk into a peerage, and became an object of contempt. With a juſt indignation againſt every ſuch ſucceeding impoſtor, the people ſtill looked out for ſome other champion of their liberties and rights, on to whoſe wiſdom, powers, and integrity, they might commit the ſacred charge of their deareſt concerns; they thought they had found him, they rejoiced; but in him we have ſeen deception carrried to the highest pitch of which human nature is capable; in him the impoſture received its ultimate refinement; bluſtering and fiery againſt Walpole, he made, perhaps, as deep impreſſions by the terrors of his ſword, as the force of his eloquence, the caution and timidity of theſe men with whom he contended, being convenient, and moſt exactly ſuited to ſuch a deportment. In the adminiſtration of Pelham, our hero was placed, he was ſilenced; he dreaded both the ſpirit and the powerful family connections of that miniſter, for his quietneſs was not the effect of ambition fully gratified, or of [illegible]

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avarice, but the fear of receiving ſuch controul, as might lower him in the eyes of the multitude; and this is moſt evident, from his harſh treatment of the old D— of N——, when death had removed his brother, the only obſtructor of his hopes and deſigns; ſo that we beheld him once more riſing into the regions of noiſe, again he becomes clamorous, ſounds the alarm, gives ſcope to the native courage of his countrymen, and they conquer in every part of the habitable globe. But when the wounds, which even the victorious muſt receive, called for the healing art of the able ſtateſman; when the ſhattered frame of the Britiſh conſtitution wanted the repairing hand of the ſound and determined politician; when liberty drooped under the contagious blaſt of *Scottiſh* tyranny, where was this mighty braggard, who had engaged himſelf to pluck up corruption by the roots, and eſtabliſh adminiſtration, upon the ſtrong baſis of popularity? he ſhrinks into an office of irreſponſibility, feeling a decay of ſpirit, having experienced the petulance of the young and adventrous, in ſome late ſkirmiſhes, fearing to have that bully *retorted* upon himſelf, which he ſo often exerted againſt grey hairs, well knowing it may be done with impunity. He cautiouſly retires from that ſtage, where he ſo long ſupported a part perfectly agreeing with the amazing verſatility of his genius and diſpoſition; in ſhort, like the ſmall theatrical idol of our age, he acted for the people whilſt it anſwered his convenience; but, puffed up with the conſcious pride of wealth, he now ſcorns to appear, but

by royal command, inverting hereby the Duke of Buck-
ingham's motto, for it is with him, *Pro Republica ſæpe,*
pro Rege ſemper.

But now, Sir, it is not reſentment, indignation, or
deſire of ſearching out another more honeſt truſtee for
the management of their concerns, that are ſeen to poſ-
ſeſs the minds of our countrymen; a ſettled black de-
ſpair has taken place, and an almoſt total indifferenc
about public matters; being at length beat out of a
hopes or expectations of ever finding an honeſt miniſte
ſtill, in imitation of their ſuperiors, they have con
tracted themſelves into narrow conſiderations of fa
and private intereſt; they conclude the love of c
country to be chimerical, ridiculous, and that, if it h
any foundation in nature, reaſon, or religion, men
the greateſt abilities would not be ſeen to abuſe it: th
Sir, is the habit which the minds of the people do wear
preſent; and inſtead of caſting about for thoſe who ſho
ſupport their cauſe in the place of this recreant cha
pion, they hug themſelves upon having diſcovered
ſecret of political impoſture; the conjuror's tricks
all known, and obſerving the extraordinary ſucc
which has attended deceitful villainy in thoſe of
higher rank, they determine to be villains themſel
Newmarket, the nurſery of thieves, and ſharpers
every claſs, did therefore flouriſh this year with a
promiſing bloom; and languiſhing and oppreſſed as
our trade and manufactures, under a fatal dearth,
are there combinations formed for buying up pr
fa

ſions, that we may be made to feel the accumulated evil of natural and artificial ſcarcity; and, indeed, the ſcandalous contention between the great, the low chicanery made uſe of to trick each other out of places of profit, their want of morals, want of honour, want of public ſpirit, and what is worſt of all, the notoriety of theſe wants (for they do not wiſh to conceal them) furniſh the uſeful part of the community with the moſt cogent arguments in favour of fraud, of knavery, of every ſpecies of deception, in their reſpective occupations and profeſſions.

Be it, Sir, the buſineſs of thoſe who ſhall cooperate in any laudable ſcheme of reformation, to detect, to expoſe, and lay open every corner of this ulcerated maſs of virulent corruption, and apply to every part that remedy which each, according to his intercourſe with, and experience of the world, his education, converſation, or profeſſion, may think himſelf capable of applying with ſucceſs. I have already remarked the great influence which characters of a ſuperior rank in life do in general poſſeſs over the minds of the lower orders of the community, and ſhall now take ſome notice of the extreme admiration which we particularly affix to that of an orator; a character, ſo far from ſtarting up ſpontaneouſly, and being the growth of every ſeſſion, that it is moſt rare that a ſtate, during its entire progreſs from its riſe to its diſſolution, can produce one orator. It is therefore the ſhadow of eloquence we gape at, and

not eloquence itſelf: one of the few orators that ever exiſted told us, *diſertos me cognoſſe nonnullos, eloquentem adhuc neminem.* But ſuch, Sir, is the high price of eloquence at preſent, that any thing will go off; for is there a player to whom his theatrical toils have long refuſed the ſcanty neceſſaries of life, a ſcribbler diſcarded by his bookſeller, a moon-ſtruck, half-bred ſoldier, in whom a fruitleſs preparation for the ſtage had raiſed a maddening deſire for tragic rant and declamation; they are all ſure to be entertained by ſome ſtate manager, enter into preſent pay, and dine three times a week with his Lordſhip's own gentleman. This admiration for any particular man, whom noiſe, verboſity, and impudence have made notorious, ſhould be laid aſide, and our attention and eſteem be divided amongſt ſuch gentlemen in the legiſlature as are known to be poſſeſſed of heads capable of diſcerning the real intereſts of their country, and of hearts firm and determined in the ſupport of theſe intereſts. It will not, I hope, be aſſerted, that gentlemen go into an Houſe of Commons to be amuſed with metaphors, ſarcaſms, repartees; to hear characters torn to pieces, or to give reins to their ill-nature, through the ſpacious regions of invective: that, Sir, is the ſcene of cool, impartial deliberation. Loud peals of laughter at ſeeing men turned into ridicule by ſuch as are much fitter to be the light buffoons of a ſummer theatre, than the Repreſentatives of a great people; noiſy acclamations, upon the moſt ſerious occaſions, bear down the

dignity of legiſlative aſſemblies, and are often the means of preventing thoſe of the beſt ſenſe and greateſt honeſty from ſupporting a due importance in public debate, whilſt the diverting hirelings ſhall univerſally take the lead; nor am I free from apprehenſion that a portion of vanity may be mingled amongſt the cauſes of ſilence in the former, a fear that they ſhould not *cut*, what the vulgar are pleaſed to call, *a figure*, when coming after ſome long-winded, impudent, noiſy harangue: taking the matter together, I ſhall not ſcruple to pronounce it a meanneſs in thoſe to whom the people have committed the charge of their affairs, never to interfere but by an Aye or a No, and tamely give up to a few, perhaps a dozen at moſt, the entire diſcuſſion of ſubjects which are the real concern of at leaſt as many millions; they ought, though not formed upon the exact plan of modern eloquence, or ſtrengthened by an effrontery which generally ariſes from deſperation of circumſtances, or a total diſregard to character, when they do ſpeak, I ſay, they ſhould meet with the moſt attentive regard, they ſhould themſelves throw by their apprehenſions, expreſs their thoughts with confidence, and adhere as cloſely to their opinions, when perſuaded of their rectitude, as if they had the gift of thundering, aye, and of lightning too, like a Pericles; then, Sir, we ſhould have many in whom we may ſafely repoſe, nor be filled with terror and amazement at the death or defection of a ſingle patriot.

I cannot avoid to obſerve, however great my veneration for eloquence may be, that, in a corrupted ſtate, it is an inſtrument which we ſhould not wiſh to ſee edged with exceſſive keenneſs, becauſe it is moſt likely to fall into the hands of men who employ it in procuring riches and power to themſelves, at the expence of honour, virtue, and of their country. What though it has ſometimes had the good effect of rouſing into action a ſupine and luxurious people, yet we have ſeen it, in caſes of the greateſt emergency, impoſe a fatal ſilence upon the moſt worthy members of the community, and give up to avarice and rapine not only the ſpoils of the enemy, but the property of the public. The perfection of eloquence, and the ruin of ſtates, are never at any great diſtance from each other; the nearer to perfection any thing is, the greater the probability that a few only can be poſſeſſed of it; and it is better to ſee that which has ſuch Sovereign power entirely baniſhed from a ſtate, than exerciſed by thoſe who, being few in number, as I ſaid before, are more likely to be corrupted, who will exerciſe it to the moſt vile and dangerous purpoſes, becauſe nothing is left to reſtrain them; for it is moſt certain, that eloquence cannot be controuled by any thing but eloquence.

It would be tedious to enumerate the many unjuſt determinations, the eſcapes of ſtate criminals, which have been cauſed by an over-bearing eloquence amongſt the Romans: Muræna ſtood charged with bribery and corruption in obtaining the Conſulſhip; he was proſecuted by Cato and Sulpicius, but he was defended by Cicero;

the charges of largition to the people, Tully could neither deny not juſtify, but, with a palliation, ſupported by all the charms and power of words, he gives ſuch a grace, dignity, and magnificence to the generoſity of Muræna, that the expreſs letter of law is ready to give way, when, in reality, the whole ſubſtance of that part of his defence reſted upon this, *that the Roman people were fond of a good election dinner, a puppet-ſhew, and bull-baiting, and that therefore Muræna was to be excuſed in having gratified them*; but when he brings the fears and apprehenſions of Cataline, whoſe conſpiracy was not as yet broken; when he brings theſe to operate upon his judges, when he ſhews them *rage in their camp, fear in their ſenate, faction and diſcord in their forum, devaſtation in their fields*, and aſks them, if this be a ſeaſon to deprive the commonwealth of a Conſul, whom he thinks capable of defending it, the Calphurnian, and every other law is inſtantly overthrown, and the guilty Muræna acquitted. The influence of this great orator, in matters of a more public concern, has been alſo attended with conſequences moſt fatal to his country; for with the greateſt parts, with the moſt ſublime genius, and an heart full fraught with moſt of the virtues of a patriot, the timidity of his nature ſtill magnified every danger, and always ſought for remedies diſproportioned to the ſize of the evil; this dictated that fulſome panegyric upon Pompey, in his oration for the Manilian law, which procured him an unconſtitutional power in the common-wealth, robbed

Lucullus

Lucullus of the honour to which he had a juſt right, of finiſhing the Mithridatic war, rouſed the jealouſy of Cæſar, and ſowed the ſeeds of competition, which ſoon put an end to Roman liberty. Did not the eloquence of Pericles fill the Athenians, poſſeſſed but of a ſmall barren territory, whoſe citizens amounted but to twenty thouſand at moſt, with notions of being able to conquer, not Greece alone, but the whole world? Did he not engage them in a war with the richeſt people of Sicily, ſupported by the forces of that iſland, and a powerful confederacy of Greeks? and was not the event of that war loſs of empire and liberty to that turbulent people? Such are the evils which have flowed from that irreſiſtable eloquence which addreſſes itſelf to the ungovernable paſſions of mankind, nor can a greater danger be imagined than what may riſe from a qualification veſted with ſuch a power over public meaſures, and which muſt be in the poſſeſſion of ſo very few. But I cannot cloſe this paragraph more properly than with the words of Cicero, when writing his cool ſentiments at his deſk, unbiaſſed by party, and unheated by oppoſition: *Ego vero, ſi velim, et noſtræ civitatis exemplis uti, et aliarum plura proferre poſſim, detrimenta publicis rebus, quam adjumenta, per homines eloquentiſſimos importata*, L. 1. de Orat.

Far be it from me to charge the preſent age with the imputation of perfect eloquence: and, indeed, in Parliaments duly returned, where the people are really repreſented (as in the preſent auguſt Aſſembly) ſuch eloquence ſhould have no admittance: an Aſſembly

not

not collective, where paſſion is ever ſeen to predominate, but repreſentative, where reaſon is ſuppoſed to govern; where, from the happy choice of Members, none are preſumed to ſit, who can be driven by the wild guſt of paſſion, but led by the mild and ſteady light of truth and argument; in our Aſſemblies, I ſay, the ancient mode of eloquence ſhould be utterly exploded, laughed at, and deſpiſed, and yet, in Parliaments not long ſince ended, how have we ſeen the riſing of ſome who are emphatically called *ſpeakers*, attended by a murmur of high expectation, and then an awful and reverential ſilence enſues; we liſten to a ſpeech of more than three hours extent, a ſpace which no human being could ever fill with any matter deſerving of our attention, nor indeed can any one ſubject furniſh it; ſtill are theſe ſpeeches regarded, they amuſe, and amuſement is the hobby-horſe of the times; but the miſchief is, that advantage gives way to pleaſure, and theſe diverting gentlemen ſquander away that time which others would employ to better purpoſe, who are afraid, as I ſaid before, to exhibit after thoſe whom they have ſeen receive ſo favourable a hearing: hence it is that country gentlemen (a few Parliaments ſince) were not to be found in the Houſe: they were ſuperſeded, if I may ſay ſo, and the buſineſs of legiſlature carried on by deputation from ſuch Lords, as having an influence in boroughs, and I fear in counties, marked out ſome young men, whoſe poverty, impudence, and talent of declamation, beſpoke not only a cleverneſs, but a hope-

ful

ful turn to venality, brought them into the Houſe, and to theſe were committed the commerce, the glory, the conſtitution of Great Britain: ſuch a debaſement of a Britiſh ſenate I hope we ſhall never again behold. A Britiſh ſenate ſhould be conſidered as the center, not of its own empire alone, but, in ſome degree, of the whole world, there being no ſtate upon the face of the earth which may not mediately or immediately be made to feel the influence of its councils; its deliberations therefore ſhould be free and pure as virtue itſelf, the minds of each Member unbiaſſed, their opinions never ſtrained, open to conviction, directed by fixed principles. Public good the ſole object, all ſpeak from the heart, and vote from their judgment; but how can this be the caſe, ſhould one department of this ſenate be filled with underlings and ſervants from the other; how can the man who owes to another his elevation to the reſpectable character of a legiſlator, preſume to ſpeak any ſentiments but thoſe of his patron? An obligation the more oppreſſive, becauſe none are inliſted in this ſervice but the poor and indigent: the man who has a fortune, which, though ſcantily, will notwithſtanding furniſh out the decent neceſſaries of life, may look upon a recommendation to a ſeat in the Houſe, as an act of friendſhip; though he may ſhew his gratitude to a beneficent friend, he is not forced to bend to proſtitution; but he who ſees himſelf ſuddenly raiſed to a character of ſuch conſtitutional dignity as a Britiſh legiſlator, feels himſelf overwhelmed

by

by ſuch a favour; and for ſo unexpected a bleſſing, what return ſhould he make but implicit obedience, abſolute ſubjection, and pure adoration?

EXTRACT *from an* OLD BOOK.

"WE have, in theſe papers, proof to demonſtration, that our Parliaments have done what they ſhould have left undone, and have left undone what they ſhould have done: that to the calls of the Crown they have always anſwered; that to the cries of the people they have been always deaf; that they have purchaſed on one hand only to ſell on the other; that they have waved their privileges in compliment to the prerogative, and put them to the ſtretch to oppreſs and ſubdue the ſubject; that inſtead of redreſſing grievances, they have authoriſed them; that inſtead of proſecuting malefactors, they have ſkreened them; and, that inſtead of protecting and defending the rights of their conſtituents, they have perfidiouſly betrayed them.

"Hence it is manifeſt, that the conſtitution is every where undermined, and at the firſt ſound of the trumpet, like the walls of Jericho, it will ſink at once like a heap of ruins.

"By the ſame violence that one Parliament, choſen but for *three* years, could prolong their own ſitting for *ſeven*, any other may preſume to render themſelves *perpetual*.

"Expe-

" Experience ſhews us, that the writ of election to a borough, and the *congé d'elire* to a Dean and Chapter, already operate in pretty much the ſame manner: that thoſe in power are always ſure of finding, or making a majority in both Houſes. That the dictates of the Privy Council, or Firſt Miniſter, are uniformly received by that majority as laws.

" That the grand ſecret of g————t is to fleece with one hand, and corrupt with the other; and that the ſole relic of the peoples' power is the glorious privilege to ſell themſelves as often as they are favoured with leave to make a new election.

" So fatally true is the maxim of that great ſtateſman, Burleigh, " That England could never be undone but by a Parliament."

" In a word, ſo great is the influence of the Crown become, ſo ſervile the ſpirit of our grandees, and ſo depraved the hearts of the people, that hope itſelf begins to ſicken; and thoſe who are diſpoſed to go fartheſt in the cauſe of the common-wealth, are on the point of crying out,

" *If the people will be enſlav'd, let them be enſlav'd!*"

" Let it then be recollected, in this our day, that even the authority of Parliaments has a bound: that they are not empowered to ſell, but to ſerve their conſtituents; that whoever accepts of a truſt, is anſwerable for the exerciſe of it; that if the Houſe of Commons ſhould make ever ſo ſolemn a ſurrender of the public liberties into any hand whatſoever, that ſurrender would

be *ipſo facto* void: that if the people have reaſon to apprehend any ſuch conſpiracy againſt them, they have a right not only to put in their proteſt, but to renounce the deed, and to refuſe obedience: that in ſuch a caſe the delegation they had made would be diſſolved.

" That, conſequently, all authority would return into the hands of thoſe who gave it; and with one united voice they might call on the *prerogative* to do them juſtice, by diſmiſſing ſuch unfaithful ſervants, and enabling them to make a new choice. Which God of his infinite mercy grant."

HILARY TERM, 1766. P *verſus* C, *in the* Common-Pleas.

TWO miniſters in the republic of letters,
Had a quarrel, as oft is the caſe of their betters:
They did not, like mortals, decide it with ſwords,
But reſted their cauſe on the power of words.
Squire P was the Plaintiff, lady C the defendant,
The Point of Precedence the Cauſe then dependant;
And I was appointed the Judge, I aſſure ye;
One-and-twenty remain'd*, which made up the Grand Jury.
All matters adjuſted, at length came the day,
When 'ſquire P thus Politely ProPounded his Plea:
That I ever was found in Contention till now
My bittereſt enemy dare not avow:

* Of the alphabet.

If of this my opponent be equally Clear,
May hereafter at large, and more fully appear.
When the kingdom of letters firſt appeared on the ſtage
By ſome ſuppos'd Prior to the fam'd golden age,
I then was appointed to, indeed, a low ſtation,
But I reſted well Pleas'd with the good of the nation:
The Poſt then aſſign'd me I've held to this day,
And fill'd it with honour, I'll venture to ſay.
And here let me hope that it will not diſpleaſe,
In ſo weighty a matter, if I ſound my own Praiſe:
Had I ever deſerted or quitted my Poſt,
Muſt not every thing Precious have ſtraightway been
loſt;
Would your Parliament, Privilege, Property, Power,
Depriv'd of my aid, ſubſiſt for one hour?
Your Peers and your People depend upon me,
And a Prince is no Prince if depriv'd of a P.
Thus true to my truſt, I Performed my duty,
And no one will ſay that I have not been true t'you.
But now to the ſubject of this day's debate——
A new member has lately Crept into the ſtate,
And takes way of the moſt of the Primæval letters *.
Tho' their ages *alone* will prove 'em her betters:
An upſtart ſhe is, no one knows whence ſhe Came,
Nor Hebrews nor Greeks † ever heard of her name.
Uninvited ſhe comes, none her aid did implore,
We may want it as well as for ages before;

* Lady C holds the third place in the alphabet.

† There is no letter C in Greek or Hebrew.

'Tw

'Twere eaſy to prove beyond diſputation,
She's unfit to reſide in a civiliz'd nation:
Of ev'ry Cabal ſhe's the firſt grand promoter,
No Capital Crimes are Committed without her.
But I treſpaſs too long, ſo with humble ſubmiſſion,
To this worſhipful bench I prefer this Petition;—
That this new lady C, who appear'd but of late,
Be from henceforth for ever expell'd from our ſtate;
Or if you're diſpos'd to ſhew Pity unto her,
And continue her ſtill, let her ſit next the door;
At leaſt, let her ſit on a ſeat below me,
And always give Place to Petitioner P.
Lady C now aroſe, and with deliberation,
Thus ſtrove to Confute this grand accuſation.
I ſhall not begin, as is done now-a-days,
To PulPit in Public my own Private Praiſe;
Nor ſhall Paſſion Provoke me to ſerve my own ends,
By Proclaiming aloud the faults of my friends.
'm accus'd to this Court as an upſtart intruder,
Uninvited, unwanted, and what is ſtill ruder,—
Of Capital Crimes, Cabals, and what not;
Tho' this Court are all Conſcious I was ne'er in a plot.
Of a bill of excluſion I'm no way afraid,
For there's none of you all but at times want my aid.
And as to degrading, I humbly ſubmit,
To whatever this worſhipful Court ſhall think fit:
Yet I hope you'll Confirm me in the ſeat that I ſit on:
My rank is ſtill higher * at the Court of Great Britain:

* Charlotte, Queen.

There unrival'd I ſtand, and give place unto none
But the Monarch (God bleſs him) who ſits on the throne.
Tho' thus highly exalted, to all I appeal,
If by Pride I e'er injur'd our great Commonweal;
To which of you have I Precedence deny'd,
For the good of the Public was always my guide.
I march in the front when the Caſe demands Care,
In dang'rous emergenCe I'm ſeen in the rear:
To none of you all was my aid e'er refus'd,
Not even to him by whom I'm accus'd:
The PerfeCtion he boaſts of, whate'er his conceit,
Without my ConCurrenCe Can ne'er be Compleat:
But to you, Conſcript fathers, my Cauſe I Commend-
Then Curtſy'd Compos'dly, and ſo made an end.

Both Parties were now order'd out of the Place,
'Till the judge and the jury Conſider'd the Caſe;
True ſtateſmen they were; the Chief Point in debat
Was to end the diſpute without hurting the ſtate.

After Pros and Cons many, roſe W the ſage,
For Wiſdom and Worth the delight of the age;
And mov'd that 'ſquire P ſhould withdraw his Petition
And join lady C in a new Coalition:
That all former quarrels be now laid aſide,
And the Parties advis'd to be cloſely ally'd:
That the benefits which from this union would ſprin
Muſt make it to all a deſirable thing.

To this prudent motion the aſſembly agree,
And the Parties being Call'd, they are told the decre

Th

They both by their looks appear well content;
So P made Propoſals, and C gave Conſent.
  Thus ended at length this troubleſome Cauſe,
And thro' the whole Court rung a buz of applauſe;
The genius of letters ſtood inviſibly by
And joyfully help'd to make one in the cry:
" May the hands ne'er divide which this day have been
      plighted,
" May the P's and the C's be for ever united."
  But here, leſt the witlings miſtake what I mean,
And give to my lines a Conſtruction obſcene;
Give me leave to explain them, and ſhew how they're
      bit—
For C ſtands for *Chatham*, and P ſtands for *Pitt*.

ODE *at the* ENCOENIA, *held at* OXFORD, *July* 1773, *for the Reception of the Right Hon.* Frederick *Lord* North, *Chancellor of the Univerſity: Written by Dr.* Wheeler, *Profeſſor of Poetry; and ſet to Muſic by Dr.* Hayes.

RECITATIVE.

DAUGHTERS of Beauty, who enraptur'd hail
  The Virgin Quire, in that romantic Vale
Where Iſis down her green-enamel'd edge
Glides in ſoft eddies o'er the waving ſedge;
  And Cherwell from his oſier'd bed
  Oft hears the fairies' printleſs tread,

When misty night with silent pace
Steals gradual o'er their circling chace:
And You, illustrious Chiefs, who glow
With ardor for your country's weal
Yet, 'mid the call of patriot zeal,
At Phœbus' shrine with transport bow:

AIR.

From busy scenes to these embower'd retreats
Your step auspicious mitred Sheldon greets;
While Peace, attendant at her hallow'd fane,
Parent of Science, swells your solemn train.

RECITATIVE.

Mark, where the fiend of War, on havock bent,
Gigantic ranges o'er Moldavia's land,
And Warsaw's sons, by feuds remorseless rent,
Reluctant own the Victor's stern command!
Hesperia views the gathering cloud
From Gallia rise, and lowering Spain;
While floating bulwarks with their thunders loud
Affright the Naiads of th' Egean main.

RECITATIVE.

Britannia sits inthron'd in awful state,
Sole Arbitress serene; "and what she wills, is Fate.

AIR.

Heroes in the ghastly fight
Vainly vaunt atchievements brave;
Check, O check your lawless might!
Valour conquers but to save.

Happier they, whom Wiſdom's lore
Prompts to frame the ſocial plan;
Fraught with Science' richeſt ſtore,
Skill'd to bleſs and perfect man.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

What martial ſons; once proud of thy beheſt,
O Rhedycina, blazon wide the page
By Memory mark'd! full many a royal gueſt
Here mus'd attentive to the hoary Sage.
Lion-hearted Richard's ſpear
Glitter'd firſt in * Beaumont's ſhade;
Here he couch'd his lance, and here
Panted for the bold Cruſade.
Henry †, thunder-bolt of war,
Here plan'd his hardieſt deeds; here learnt to wield
His maiden ſword, and hurl the maſſy bar;
Here graſp the mimic ſhield.

RECITATIVE.

Enough, heroic ſouls, of cruel fight;
Forgive, if milder arms invite
The grateful Muſe for ſocial worth to twine
The wreath of Honour ſnatch'd from Virtue's ſhrine.

* Near Worceſter college; once a ſeat of Hen. II.

† Hen. V. educated at Queen's college.

SYMPHONY.

RECITATIVE.

Heard ye, while echoing from yon azure ſphere
Prophetic accents ſtruck th' aſtoniſh'd ear?

AIR.

I ſee the ſovereign form deſcend
And wrapt in ſtole majeſtic downward bend.

RECITATIVE.

Britons, if ought ye boaſt of Creſſy's field,

ACCOMPANIED.

Where many a crimſon'd helm and batter'd ſhield,
By delving plowman turn'd, recals the name
Of Edward, high enroll'd by deathleſs Fame;
That praiſe be mine. But better far
The peaceful ſway, than ſpoils of ſavage war
To Me, or Bolingbroke's undaunted ſon,
On Poictou's tented plains by valour won.
With crouded canvas wing'd, 'tis your's to ſweep
Golconda's ſhores, and darken all the deep.

AIR.

But ſtay, you bold advent'rers ſtay;
Nor, blithſome o'er the briny ſurge,
With mad'ning ſpeed miſguided urge
To pearly Ind' your heedleſs way.

What boots it that my Edward led
In Freedom's cauſe his eager van;
If you, relentleſs foes to man,
O'er fruitful climes dire famine ſpread?

RECITATIVE.

Yet haply ſhall a Brunſwick's rule benign,
By ſapience counſel'd prune your daring wing,
And diſtant tribes with haſte conſign
Their wav'ring homage to a guardian King.
Aſia, no more thy guiltleſs natives mild,
By ruthleſs hand deſpoil'd,
Frantic their fabled Genii ſhall invoke
With wizard rites, and curſe their galling yoke.

AIR.

Ye chiefs, who near your Liege's throne
Attendant, hold the helm of ſtate;
As Edward's tilting Barons ſhone
In royal Windſor's trophied gate;
O think, while on your puiſſant thigh
The myſtic garter firm you bind,
From that quaint badge what leſſons high
Reflecting warm each op'ning mind.
The generous youths near Iſis' ſtream,
Who joyous hail a Sovereign's choice,
Crown'd by Rhedycina's voice,
With rival ardor catch th' inſtructive theme.

RECITATIVE Accompanied.

" Goodneſs, deck'd with glory, wide
" Darts her luſtre, heav'nly bright;
" Fame, to Virtue unally'd,
" Shines—the meteor of a night."

CHORUS.

The generous youths near Iſis' ſtream,
Who joyous hail a Sovereign's choice,
Crown'd by Rhedycina's voice,
With rival ardor catch th' inſtructive theme.

ODE, *as it ought to have been* performed at the ENCOENIA held at Oxford, July 1773.

RECITATIVE.

SONS of Corruption, who obedient hail
The Treaſury bench, in that frequented vale
Where Thames in curling eddies gently glides,
And W———ne has oft chang'd ſides;
Where drunken watchmen in the ſtreet,
Hear the prowling harlot's feet,
When miſty night with ſilent pace,
Steals gradual o'er the wanton chace;
And you, degenerate Peers, who glow
With ardour for the Privy Seal,
Yet 'mid the calls of venal zeal,
At Dulneſs' ſhrine with reverence bow,

AIR

AIR.

From ſcenes at court, to theſe once learn'd retreats,
Your ſteps auſpicious Dr. W——r greets,
While Sleep, attendant at her drowſy fane,
Parent of eaſe, envelopes all your train.

RECITATIVE.

Mark where the Gold Coin Act, on havock bent,
Gigantic rages over Britain's land;
And Liverymen by feuds internal rent,
Reluctant own a T———d's ſtern command.
M——r beholds the gathering cloud
From S———h riſe, and dreads the coſt;
While cruel Juries, with their thunders loud,
Affright the Printer of each Evening Poſt.

RECITATIVE.

See M———d ſits enthron'd in dreadful ſtate,
Sole arbiter ſupreme, "and what he wills is fate,"

AIR.

"Scotchmen in St. George's fight,"
Vainly vaunt atchievements brave;
Check, O check your lawleſs might,
Oh ſtop! a Father's darling ſave.
Happier W——s, whom Wiſdom's lore
Prompts to frame th' avenging plan,
Fraught with Freedom's richeſt ſtore,
Skill'd to ſave a ſinking land.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

What ſons regardleſs of thy wiſe beheſt,
O Rhedycina, now diſgrace the age
By treach'ry mark'd! full many a recreant gueſt
Here loung'd, regardleſs of the hoary ſage.
Chicken-hearted N——h, they ſay,
Canted firſt in Beaumont's ſhade;
Here he ſtudied tricks to play,
Here his ſchemes for lotteries laid.
F——, the thunder-bolt of vice,
Here plan'd his hardieſt deeds; here learnt to ſhake
The rattling-box, to hurl the loaded dice,
And ſeize the forfeit ſtake.

RECITATIVE.

But hence, ye ſouls, abandon'd! quit my ſight!
More generous noble deeds invite;
Th' admiring muſe for Patriot Worth to twine,
The wreath of honour, ſnatch'd from Virtue's ſhrine.

SYMPHONY RECITATIVE.

Heard ye, while echoing from yon azure ſphere,
Prophetic accents ſtruck th' aſtoniſh'd ear?

AIR.

I ſee the ſovereign form deſcend,
And wrapt in ſtole majeſtic, downward bend.

RECITATIVE Accompanied.

Britons, if aught ye boaſt of Naſeby's field,
Where many a crimſon'd helm, and batter'd ſhield,

By delving plowmen turn'd, recals the name
Of Cromwell, high enroll'd by deathleſs fame.
That praiſe be mine; and better far
Such glorious ſtruggles, than a cruel war
On Caribbs wag'd, by Guildford's wily ſon,
On Vincent's burning plains, by treachery won.
With crowded canvas wing'd, 'tis yours to ſweep
Golconda's ſhores, and darken all the deep.

AIR.

But ſtay, "ye bold uſurpers," ſtay,
Nor lawleſs o'er the briny ſurge,
With impious ſpeed rapacious urge,
To charter'd Ind' your daring way.
What boots it that my W———m led,
Againſt deſpotic power, his eager van,
If you, relentleſs foes to man,
O'er every right your ſhackles ſpread?

RECITATIVE.

What! ſhall a Br———k's rule benign,
By traitors counſell'd, prune fair Freedom's wing,
And diſtant tribes to N—— conſign?
Is this the duty of a Britiſh ——?
Aſia, behold! thy guiltleſs natives mild,
By M———l hands deſpoil'd;
Frantic their feeble Genii ſhall invoke
With wizard rites, and curſe "their galling yoke."

AIR

AIR.

Vipers, who near your liege's throne
Attendant, ſeize the helm of ſtate
(How different Edward's barons ſhone,
In royal Windſor's trophied gate!)
Each morning when around your thigh
* The worſted garter cloſe you bind,
" Think of a rope, and gallows high."
† Let them ſit heavy on each mind.
The generous youths near Iſis' ſtream,
Who daily mourn their S———n's choice,
Crown'd by Rhedycina's voice,
With longing ardour hear the pleaſing theme.

RECITATIVE Accompanied.

W——s, whom H——e ſo much bely'd,
Will ſhine in Engliſh annals bright,
At Tyburn N—— with halter ty'd,
Soon will ſink in endleſs night.

CHORUS.

The generous youths, near Iſis ſtream,
Who daily mourn their S———n's choice,
Crown'd by Rhedycina' voice,
With longing ardour hear the pleaſing theme.

* This muſt have been the poet's original idea, for the Garter peculiar to the Order of St. George is worn below the knee, and not " round the puiſſant thigh."

† Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to morrow.

Shakeſpear's Richard III.

An

An O D E

On a BACHELORS MEETING *at* CAMBRIDGE.

A Parody on DRYDEN's ODE.

By a Gentleman of Oxford.

I.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt for won degrees
By Alma Mater's darling ſons of eaſe;
Aloft in elbow chair
Their Preſident they rear
Omnipotently great:
The mirthful crew were plac'd around;
Each eaſy face with careleſs pleaſures crown'd.
Thus recent Bachelors are found:
Bacchus, dominion's ſecond wand
(Bacchus and all went hand in hand)
Receiv'd; and downwards took his ſtand.
Happy, happy, free from care!
None but the gay,
None but the gay,
None but the gay ſuch pleaſures dare.

II.

Briſk waiters all around
Removing quick the crumbs,

With

With heels mercurial ſkim the ground :
The cuſtards fly ; the bottle comes,
And heav'nly joy inſpires.
The feaſt began from love,
Who leaving bliſsful ſeats above,
Taught man immortal joys to prove :
No fiery form the goddeſs bore ;
No grim unnatural viſor wore :
She made great Jove Olympia's gueſt,
And ſoon he ſought her ſnowy breaſt ;
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
There ſtampt an image of himſelf, a Sov'reign of the world.
Each ample goblet with a roſe is crown'd :
Sweet heav'n-born Venus loud, they ſhout around,
Sweet heav'n-born Venus loud the roofs rebound.
With raptur'd eyes
Great Præſes ſpies
Each finiſh'd glaſs,
Each bottle paſs,
New gen'rous caſkets riſe.

III.

The praiſe of much-fam'd Punch great Bacchus ſung;
Of Punch all-pow'rful, ſtout, and ſtrong :
The foaming bowl in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Elate in ſilver Pride,
High rolls his threat'ning tide ;

Give each encount'rer breath; he comes, he comes!
Vacuna, lov'd of all mankind,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain;
Freedom's bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the Graduates pleaſure,
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure,
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

IV.

Big with their preſent ſtate the crew grows vain;
Burn their dry ſtudied parchments o'er again,
And thrice 'gainſt rules and ſyſtems roar amain.
* The Father ſaw the madneſs riſe,
Their glowing cheeks, their ardent eyes;
And whilſt they heav'n and earth defy'd,
Shew'd his ſcroll, and check'd their pride.
High by the Preſident he ſate
Big with the liſt of fate:
He ſung a braggart vainly proud,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high eſtate,
And humbled in the crowd;
Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
All his boaſted knowledge fled:

* The Father is a College Officer, who attends the meeting, and acquaints them with their different degrees.

Now on the ſecond Tripos laid,
No power could raiſe his burthen'd head.
With downcaſt looks the ſilenc'd vaunter ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The ſchemes on which he had been fed;
And now a curſe in ſecret ſtole,
And ſhook his empty head.

V.

The feeling fathers griev'd to ſee
Bad luck brought on the next degree,
He will'd the killing ſound to check,
And pity mov'd him thus to ſpeak:
Gently dull in lengthen'd numbers,
Thus he ſooth'd his ſoul to ſlumbers.
Vainly dull are * ſophiſh troubles;
Honours are but empty bubbles;
Ceaſing, ſoon as they're beginning,
Study's all our eaſe deſtroying:
Happier days thou haſt been winning,
Think, then think them worth enjoying.
The mighty bottle ſtands beſide thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
But Bacchus could alone diſſolve the cauſe.
The youth diſdaining to reveal his pain,
Plied hard the bowl
That eaſed his ſoul,

* A Soph is a man who wants but one year of being a Bachelor.

And

And fill'd and drank, fill'd and drank,
Fill'd and drank, and fill'd again;
At length in ſeas of mighty liquors drown'd,
He droop'd his o'ercharg'd head, and kiſs'd the ground.

VI.

Produce the fatal ſcroll again:
But now produce a happier ſtrain.
Salute the youth who ſits beſide him,
A * Wrangler's wreath the gods provide him.
Hark, hark, the envy'd ſound
Has raiſed up his head
Who ſo lately was dead,
And amazed he ſtares round.
Revenge, revenge, he trembling cries,
See the ſhatter'd glaſs flies;
Hear his blaſphemous prayers;
Hear his threats—his deſpairs;
See the ſparkles that flaſh from his eyes?
Behold he rends his band,
Takes a glaſs in his hand.
This is his ghoſt, whom the Proctors had ſlain,
And whoſe † groats ſtill remain
In clutches profane.

* The twelve firſt Bachelors are called Wranglers.

† Every man, upon being admitted a member of the Univerſity, depoſits 3s. 4d. which is called his groats; and if upon taking his degrees, he is found to be extremely ignorant, theſe groats are not returned.

Now ye valiant bands,
Seize him—hold back his hands!
Behold how he toſſes the bottles on high,
How he aims at whom Fortune had fed,
And laurel'd temples of the Wrangler's head.
The bowl's ample form he in vain ſtrives to weild;
Stout Bacchus oppoſes his dazzling ſhield;
The way great Præſes led,
To light him to his bed,
Whilſt ſix fam'd champions bear him off the field.

The following EPITAPH *was inſcribed by Lord —— on a marble Pillar erected to the memory of a favourite Italian Greyhound, which died at his Lordſhip's houſe in town, and was ſent down in a marble coffin, in a hearſe and ſix, to be interred in his Lordſhip's Park.*

SISTE Viator!
Nec mirare ſupremo efferri honore
Extinctum Catulum.
Sed qualem! quem, forma inſignis,
Niveuſque candor,
Amor, obſequium, fides
Domini delicias facere,
Cujus lateri adhæſit
Conviva aſſiduus, ſociuſque tori.

Illo comite, vis animi herilis delaſſata,
Ingenium, mentemque horam ſumebat,
Iſtis pro meritis
Non ingratus herus
Marmoreâ hâc urnâ
Mortuum deſiens locavit.

On another ſide of the column was inſcribed,

Injurioſo ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam.

The clergyman of the pariſh being offended, that ſuch honours ſhould be paid to a dog, wrote the following Epitaph on a different ſide of the column, and inſcribed it——

R——T LORD ——— *on his dog* Bobtail.

I.

STAY, traveller, and ſee what's here
That makes this mighty pother;
An epitaph to make folks laugh,
Which one dog gives another.

II.

Two dogs there were, as doth appear,
Tho' this may ſeem an odd tale;
One's name was Bob, a witty dog,
The other's name was Bobtail.

Illo

III.

Together they did ſport and play;
One bed, one houſe held either;
Great pity 'twas in ſuch a caſe,
They died not both together:

IV.

That men might ſay another day,
Of theſe two dogs moſt civil——
So Bobtail's gone to Cerberus down,
But Bob's gone to the Devil.

V.

But kinder fate has chang'd their ſtate,
Bobtail has ſcap'd the halter,
It mayn't be ſo with Bob, you know,
Unleſs his manners alter.

VI.

Since M————h can a dog make man,
Upon death's ſad diſaſter;
My merry muſe could not refuſe
To make a dog o'th' maſter.

VII.

And yet her ſong would be too long,
Their virtues to ſum up t' ye;
Since no man well could ever tell
Which was the greater puppy.

Well ſaid, Parſon.

THE ſubſequent poem was ſent from Ireland. 'Tis addreſſed to Signora Barbarigo, of a Venetian family, ſaid to be the Pope's niece, and who, not long ſince, was in London. The letter-writer is *Teresias*, or the ingenious Dr. Clancy, who is blind. The ſubject is treated very whimſically, and full of what the Italians call *ſtravaganze*.

An EPISTLE *to Signora* BARBARIGO.

(To be forwarded by the ladies of England).

——*Sive quid urimur*
Non præter ſolitum Leve—— HOR.

By MICHAEL CLANCY, M. D.

Of Durrow, in Ireland, Jan. 1, 1769.

BRITAIN's fond matrons, whoſe endearments prove,
What matchleſs heroes ſpring from faithful love;
And tender maids, from whoſe inticing bloom,
Shall future *Hawkes* and laurel'd *Townſhends* come;
Hear with what force, a ſtrange, uncommon dart,
From Cupid's quiver, ſtabb'd a lover's heart.
A ſudden, unexpected whirlwind bore
Fair *Barbarigo* to ſome diſtant ſhore.—
To every virtue, every grace divine,
The ſoothing aid of ſoft compaſſion join.

Perſuade old *Neptune*, guardian of your coaſt,
To ſend ſome *Nereid* by his ſwimming Poſt;
Or *Triton*, to convey, by your command,
The following lines to *Barbarigo's* hand.

To Signora BARBARIGO.

I BURN!—Not all thoſe ſparks, and love-ſick dames,
In *Ovid's* verſe, felt half ſo ſcorching flames:
In cold *Ierne's* damps, my ſwelling breaſt
Boils like ten caldrons for a Lord Mayor's feaſt.
Like fire-works on the frozen *Thames*, I glow
In rigid ice, and winter's chilling ſnow.
Nor ambient bogs, nor dreary fens reſtrain,
The raging wildfire of my ſeething brain.

When firſt your figure was in *Britain* ſeen,
Involv'd in clouds, like *Homer's* ox-ey'd queen;
A new phænomenon to gazing eyes,
Your aſpect puzzled the learned and the wiſe.
A comet darted from ſome world unknown,
To ſtaring crouds, in open noon-day ſhewn;
The ſun-beam, ſtarting from the ruddy Eaſt,
Reach the bleak regions of the diſtant Weſt.
From your bright orb, a ſtrong and piercing ray,
On my dark eye-balls pour'd a flood of day.
All *Euclid's* niceſt ſearch could only find
The perfect ſquare, or circle, in the mind;

Your tongue, whoſe ſtrong reſemblance Fancy drew,
Is all perfection in my mental view;
While outward objects, wrapp'd in thick diſguiſe,
Hide their true texture, and deceive our eyes;
The forms, by ſtrong imagination wrought,
Aſſume reality from powerful thought.
Though Fame pronounc'd you, from your princely air,
Ally'd by Nature to the Papal chair;
A longer anceſtry, and nobler race,
In your illuſtrious origin we trace.
From great *Antenor* ſprung, whoſe warlike band,
Their ſtandard fix'd in fair *Illyria's* land,
Where now the gilded ſpires of *Venice* riſe,
Spring from the ſea, and reach the vaulted ſkies.
From Learning's fund, your modes of kindneſs take,
And *Hero*'s paſſion your example make.
Some ſignal from the wide *Rialto* ſhow,
You'll ſee my ſpirit in the waves below;
Through rolling ſurges like *Leander* ſteer,
Nor ſharks, nor ſtorms, nor foaming billows fear.
In early times, from *Saturn*'s cruel hands,
Young *Jove* found refuge in the *Latian* lands;
Let this high precedent your pity move,
To give ſome corner in the fair I love.
Where couch'd on moſs, and near a purling rill,
In pleaſing ſtreams I'll dip the poet's quill;
In that Elyſium's fragrant vale reclin'd,
The ſweet ambroſial dreams of *Pindus* find:

Or, when from Reaſon's ſource, with curious art,
Your pleaſing words the flow of ſenſe impart;
Dwell on your lips, and like old *Priam* hear,
A ſecond *Helen* with attentive ear;
The world's true pictures ſhew in clearer view
Than *Moll* conceiv'd, or muddy *Gordon* drew;
Learn from the ſounds of your inſtructive tongue,
Whence the firſt ſeeds of *Britain*'s glory ſprung;
How love of *Liberty* and *Virtue*'s cauſe,
Stamp'd the rich bullion of her ſterling laws;
From whoſe intrinſic worth, the Britiſh name,
Fills all the records of immortal fame.

From birth and wealth, converſant with the great,
You know the deep machinery of ſtate;
And you, who have behind the curtain ſeen,
The ſprings that move the ſhifting wires within,
Know what peculiar timber, ſhew-men take,
To form a ſtateſman, or a tumbler make;
Have ſeen them play one puppet for another;
For *Cheſhire-Tom* miſtake his nimbler *brother*.
In the mock ſiege, when *Punch* ſhou'd ſtorm the town,
Weak *Bandalier* is ſent to—wiſh it down;
When *Somebody* ſhould gull the gaping throng,
'Tis Mr. *Nobody* that ſtalks along:
While blockheads guide the monſtrous farce—no wonder
That puppets err—'Tis all one wooden blunder.
Caprice or chance conduct the mimic ſcene,
Pleas'd or not pleas'd, we praiſe or blame in vain.

If *Cuma*'s den produc'd a *Sybil* wiſe,
From *Merlin*'s cave your ſage conceptions riſe;
Where hallow'd bards from breathing buſts inſpire,
An awful ſenſe of true prophetic fire;
Then ſay, that no conjecture ever told,
No ſearch could find, no politics unfold,
Why, when the *Lybians* ſaw *Rome*'s effort vain,
Their legions dwindled, and their leaders ſlain;
Their councils weaken'd, and their tottering ſtate,
Sunk by the terrors of impending fate;
Th' inglorious victors from the vanquiſh'd flew,
And like defeated *Myrmidons* withdrew;
Or from an æra of leſs ancient date,
Events, as truly riſible relate.
Say in what land defective pigmies riſe
Thrice in one moon, beyond gigantic ſize;
As oft from their enormous ſtature fall,
Sink into dwarfs, beyond perception ſmall;
Where baffled virtue hides her modeſt face,
And honours ſpring from popular diſgrace;
Where Merit's ſtamp is falſely underſtood,
And bears it's worth from ceaſing to be good;
O! *Heraclitus* drop a pitying tear:
Riſe into life, *Abdera*'s ſon—and ſneer!
While thus my thoughts through various ſubjects rove,
Forgive the reſtleſs reveries of love!
Oh! for the ſweetneſs of that flowing ſtrain,
Where *Paſtor Fido*'s warbling notes complain!

Perſuaſive

Perſuaſive ſounds ſhould form th' inchanting lay,
Glide thro' your veins, and ſteal your heart away.
My tuneleſs lines a rude complexion bear,
And, like blunt truth, are rugged, but ſincere.
From the mild dictates of a gentle mind,
The tender fair are in their nature kind;
Yield to the voice of Truth, and ſeldom fail
To ſee moſt clearly through Deluſion's veil.
Nor pertly nice, my clouded form deſpiſe;
Nor think me worthleſs from the want of eyes.
This world's extent, this univerſal frame,
From the dark womb of dreary chaos came;
From ſpecks as dim, a *Pope*, a *Shakeſpeare* grew;
A *Clark*, a *Newton*, and a *Monteſquieu*.
The ſoul in its divine exiſtence bright,
Breaks thro' all miſts, and ſcorns the bond of night.
From this internal power *Tireſias* ſings
The wreck of nations, and the fate of Kings:
The ſpring of *Grecian* woes blind *Homer* ſpies,
Quicker than *Argus* with his hundred eyes;
And *Milton*, led thro' Heaven's bright manſions, ſees
The weight and wiſdom of it's juſt decrees.
Bear me, ye muſes, to that happy clime,
Where balmy zephyrs fan the ſoul to rhyme:
O! place me where, in *Umbria*'s flow'ry vale,
Each ſhrub perfumes, and ev'ry plant can heal;
Where *Hybla*'s honey flow'd from *Virgil*'s tongue;
Where *Raphael* painted, and where *Vida* ſung:
There would I breathe the ſweets of claſſic air,
Inform my verſe, and tune my numbers there;

The flights of love, like old *Anacreon* play,
Grow young again, and flouriſh in decay.

Propoſal for a new Dictionary.

THERE are in every language, ancient and modern, certain heterogeneous words and anomalous expreſſions, which render it more difficult to be acquired by ſtudents and foreigners, than even the moſt licentious idiomatic phraſes, or the moſt irregular combination of ſentences. In vain may the laborious Lexicographer boaſt of having traced every radical word through a collateral ſeries of parallel ramifications. The Philologiſt ſtill toils with hopeleſs inveſtigation, and finds himſelf bewildered in the maze of petty familiarity, and entangled in colloquial barbariſms. The ebullitions of convivial or epiſtolary humour, and the ſallies of dramatic hilarity, the lucubrations of the periodical eſſayiſt, the ſportive vein and dry intelligence of our diurnal, nocturnal, and hebdomadal hiſtorians, are almoſt totally unintelligible, for want of an adequate interpretation. To remedy this defect in Engliſh literature, I have, with infinite labour, compiled a vocabulary or gloſſary, intended as a ſupplement to a larger and more ſolemn dictionary. It is eaſy to foreſee, that the idle and illiterate will complain that I have encreaſed their labours, by endeavouring to diminiſh them; and that I have explained what is more eaſy, by what is more difficult—*Ignotum per ignotius.* I expect,

pect, on the other hand, the liberal acknowledgments of the learned. He who is buried in ſcholaſtic retirement, ſecluded from the aſſemblies of the gay, and remote from the circles of the polite, will at once comprehend the definitions, and be grateful for ſuch a ſeaſonable and neceſſary elucidation of his mother-tongue. Annexed to this letter is a ſhort ſpecimen of the work, thrown together in a vague and deſultory manner, not even adhering to alphabetical concatenation. The whole will be compriſed in two folio volumes, and will appear ſome time within the enſuing twenty years. In the mean-while, ſubſcriptions are taken in at all the moſt eminent bookſellers in London and Weſtminſter; of whom may be learnt all further particulars relative to this arduous and important undertaking.

SPECIMEN.

Higgledy-piggledy,—Conglomeration, and confuſion.
Hurly-burly,—Extreme tumult and uproar.
Scribble-ſcrabble,—Pages of inanity.
See-ſaw,—Alternate preponderation.
Tittle-tattle,—Futile converſation.
Mum-chance,—Mental torpidity.
Fee! Fau! Fum!—Gigantic intonations.
Arſy-varſy, } An inverſion of capitals and fundamen-
Topſy-turvy, } tals.
Hobble-de-hoy,—Adoleſcence, between the period of puberty and virility.
Tit for Tat,—Adequate retaliation.

Shilly-

Shilly-ſhally,—Heſitation and irreſolution.

Willy-nilly,—The execution of an act maugre the conſent of another.

Dingle-dangle,—Aerial ſuſpenſion.

Hurry-ſcurry,—Inordinate precipitation.

Riddlemeree,—An ænigmatic exordium.

Ding-dong,—Tintinnabulory chimes, uſed metaphorically to ſignify diſpatch and vehemence.

Tag-rag, } The loweſt Plebians. See *baſe-born*, and
Riff-raff, } *ſcum of the earth*.

Nincompoop, } Aſinine wretches.
Ninnyhammer, }

Hocus-pocus,—Pſeudo-necromancy.

Jemminy-cremminy!—An emaſculate obteſtation.

Rigmarole,—Diſcourſe, incoherent and raphſodical.

Zig-zag,—Tranſverſe angles.

Crinkum-crankum,—Lines of irregularity and involution.

Helter-ſkelter,—*quaſi hilariter*, *& celeriter*, ſignifying motion of equal jocundity and velocity.

Hodge-podge,—A culinary mixture of heterogeneous ingredients, applied metaphorically to all diſcordant combinations.

* * * * * * * *

Philological diſquiſitions are but ill adapted to the readers of a fugacious paper. Having, therefore, already given a ſufficient indication of my purpoſe to the philoſopher, the academic, and the ſcholar, I ſhall at preſent add no further interpretations; but in order

to

to convince the learned of the neceſſity and importance of the work announced to them, I ſhall ſomewhat enlarge the catalogue of terms that demand explication; which, like baſe metal among legitimate coin, have, by long uſage, become current in our language; and without which the commerce of the world, or even the traffick of letters, can with difficulty be maintained either with profit or delectation. To explain them may be ſome glory: it would be more ſubſtantial fame to contribute to their extirpation.

CATALOGUE.

Wiſhy-waſhy,
Meſs-medley,
Fiddle-faddle,
Slap-daſh,
Slap-bang,
Hum-drum,
Harum-ſcarum,
Rantum-ſcantum,
Pit-pat,
Chit-chat,
Prittle-prattle,
Hoity-toity,
Tip-top,
Hubble-bubble,
Humptdy-dumptdy,
Hugger-mugger,
Hiccius-doccius,
Shiddlecum-ſh—e,
Knick-knack,
Pell-mell,
Whipper-ſnapper,
Hoddy-doddy,
Niddy-noddy,
Huff-bluff,
Tory-rory,
Whiſky-friſky,
Snickerſnee,
Tuzzy-muzzy,
Gimminy-gomminy,
Wig-wam,
Flim-flam,
Namby-pamby,
Hob or Nob,
Bamboozle,

Hurdy-

Hurdy-gurdy,
Hum-ſtrum,
Diddle-daddle,
Humbug,
Snip-ſnap,
Full-but,
Fal-lal,
Roly-poly, &c. &c.

It is eaſy, from this ſpecimen, to ſuppoſe extenſion and amplification. Printed authorities will be ſubjoined as vouchers, for the exiſtence of every term and word that ſhall be cited, and its various ſignifications, where there are more than one, properly explained. He who writes the dictionary of any tongue, may be conſidered as labouring in a coal-mine; but he who collects the refuſe of a language, claims more than ordinary commiſeration, and may be ſaid to ſift the cinders.

LEXIPHANES.

Verſes to the God of Love.

HAVE I not offer'd, God of Love,
Incenſe on incenſe at thy ſhrine?
Have I not taught the vocal grove
To echo with thy power divine?

Have I not in the face of day,
All ſenſe, all reaſon o'er and o'er
Abjur'd? Have I not own'd thy ſway,
And kneeling kiſs'd the chains I wore?

What

What—for the homage which I made,
And ſwore upon my bended knees?
What—for this blind ſubmiſſion paid,
Or right or wrong to thy degrees?

Do'ſt thou excruciate to exceſs
Me, me, thy vaſſal, vot'ry, bard?
Am I to bleed, nor hope redreſs?
Grateful return! glorious reward!

Ah! what avail theſe groans, theſe ſighs?
Why, cruel Love, haſt thou expreſt
Such ſoftneſs in my Celia's eyes,
Such rigour in my Celia's breaſt?

Gods! when I firſt beheld her face,
Her matchleſs form, her heav'nly mein,
I took her for a new-form'd grace,
I took her for the Cyprian Queen.

Ye madmen, my contempt and ſcorn!
Mean, penſion'd drudges of the crown!
Run, run your gantelope ev'ry morn,
And watch your great man's ſmile or frown.

My Celia's frown is all I dread,
My Celia's ſmile is all I crave;
No falſe ambition turns my head,
My pride is—to be Celia's ſlave.

Whilſt at her feet I lay entranc'd,
Gazing the happieſt looks of love,
I deem'd myſelf in pow'r advanc'd
Equal to Cæſar, George, or Jove.

In this delirium of the mind,
  No thunders due my godſhip hurl'd,
But laugh'd at more than half mankind,
  To ſee them buſtling through the world.

No critic rage my boſom ſeiz'd;
  All, all was peace and calmneſs there;
For Celia—Celia then I pleas'd!—
  Enchanted ev'ry thought and care.

Sweet, dear illuſion! bliſs ſublime!
  Soft hours--on downy pinions borne!
All fled, and left me! for one rhyme
  For ever wretched and forlorn!

Oh, Love! thy well-tim'd aid impart!
  Let not, in vain, thy bard implore!
The claim he had to Celia's heart,
  If juſt, oh! God of Love, reſtore!

The Death of CRUSO.

An ODE *on the murder of Miſs Smith's favourite dog.*

'TWAS when the Gods, if ſuch there are,
  That make the uſeful dog their care,
To fate conſign'd their charge;
Poor Cruſo, of the pointing kind,
With noſe ſagacious ſnuff'd the wind,
  And rang'd the fields at large.

His miſtreſs, like the Empreſs Queen*,
Whoſe thunder twice had ſhook the green,
Whoſe light'ning twice had kill'd;
Once more recharg'd the nit'rous bed,
With fatal bolts of rounded lead,
With death her engine fill'd.

In act to fire like mighty Jove,
Who graſps the forked ſhafts above,
She ſtood and took her aim:
Her faithful dog had mark'd the hare,
But, O! before ſhe cry'd, beware,
His evil genius came.

In Fancy's eye confeſs'd he ſtood,
The owlet of ſome neighb'ring wood,
And thus with boding voice;
Or take away your dog, he hoots,
Or ſtraight this gun your fav'rite ſhoots,
So, Madam, make your choice.

She brav'd her foe with courage ſound,
But ſoon, too ſoon, poor Cruſo found
No pity from ſuch birds:
'Twas not the eagle, god-like fowl,
No bird of Jove, but S——e's owl,
That ſcream'd theſe dying words:

* The Empreſs of Ruſſia, famous for the art of ſhooting.

" By Minden's God, another Mars,
" By all his honours and his ſcars,
" I ſwear by his command:
" By him that owns this wide domain,
" I ſwear by mighty L--- G——n,
" His aweful bird † I ſtand."

In Anna's ſhape Minerva came,
And wiſely thus reply'd the dame:
" If S——e's owl you be,
" Know, offspring of another neſt,
" The bird that ſits upon my creſt,
" Is Wiſdom's type, not thee.

" I know thy maſter too, ſhe cry'd,
" That c—— L---d thou haſt bely'd,
" In ev'ry flatt'ring note:
" I heard it from the trump of fame,
" Though riches now have chang'd his name,
" D——r chang'd his coat."

Enrag'd, the angry bird of G——-ge,
With fury made his piece diſgorge
The leaden food of death:
Too cloſe the ſhot-like bullet flew,
And pierc'd the heart, as Cruſo drew
His laſt, but eaſy breath.

† The name of L—— G——'s Keeper.

The after-ſcene lies undeſcrib'd;
Apollo had the Muſes brib'd,
To aid no poet then:
Of Anna's griefs I fain would ſing,
But dare not pluck from Fancy's wing,
An uninſpired pen.

The CAPTIVATED BEE; *or*, Little Filcher.

AS Julia once a ſlumb'ring lay,
It chanc'd a Bee did flie that way,
(After a dew, or dew-like ſhow'r)
To tipple freely in a flow'r.
For ſome rich flower he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to ſip;
But, when he felt he ſuckt from thence
Honey in the quinteſſence,
He drank ſo much he ſcarce could ſtir;
So Julia took the pilferer.
Being thus ſurpriz'd, (as filchers uſe)
He thus began himſelf t'excuſe:
Sweet *Lady flower!* I never brought
Hither to you one thieving thought;
But taking thoſe rare lips of your's,
For gay, freſh, fragrant, luſcious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taſte,
Where ſo much ſweetneſs ran at waſte.
Beſides, know this, I never ſting
The flower that gives me nouriſhing;

But with a kiſs, or thanks, repay
The honey that I bear away."
This ſaid, he laid his little *ſcrip*
Of honey 'fore her Ladyſhip,
And told her (as ſome tears did fall)
That *that* he took, and *that* was all:
At which ſhe ſmil'd, and bade him go,
And take his bag; but thus much know,
When next he came a pilf'ring ſo,
He ſhould from her full lips derive
Honey enough to drown his hive.

An INVENTORY *of Dr.* SWIFT'S GOODS, *upon lending his Houſe to the Biſhop of* M.

[*Not printed in his works.*]

AN oaken broken elbow-chair;
A caudle-cup without an ear;
A batter'd ſhatter'd aſh bedſtead;
A box of deal without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint,
A poor old poker without point;
A pot that's crack'd acroſs, around
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock without a key;
A wig with hanging quite grown grey;
A pair of bellows without pipe;
A curtain worn to half a ſtripe;
A diſh, which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;

A bottle bottom, wooden plater
(One for meal, and one for water.)
There is, beſides, a copper ſkillet,
Which runs as faſt out as you fill it;
A candleſtick, a pan, and ſave-all,
And thus his houſehold goods you have all.
Theſe to his Lordſhip, as a friend,
Till he has built, I'd recommend;
They'd ſerve his Lordſhip for a ſhift,
Why not, as well as Dr. Swift?

The SPARROWS; *or, A* PICTURE *of* MATRIMONY.

I.

'TWAS in the pleaſant month of May,
When males and females ſport and play,
A wanton ſparrow, full of prate,
With ſpouſy on a tree was ſat;
They talk'd how faithful they wou'd be,
And chirp'd eternal conſtancy:
The only thing that damp'd their ſport
Was fear their lives would be too ſhort.

II.

But as from bough to bough they fly,
Not dreaming any creature nigh,
For want of a more downy bed,
Upon a twig with bird-lime ſpread,
They haſte their fond regard to prove,
And take their little fill of love;

The only thing that damp'd their ſport
Was fear their lives would be too ſhort.

III.

But pains to pleaſure ſoon ſucceed,
To both it prov'd a fatal deed,
For though with eaſe they broke away,
And baulk'd a ſchool-boy of his prey,
The bridegroom, in the haſty ſtrife,
Had clung ſo faſt unto his wife,
That, though they us'd their utmoſt art,
They quickly found they ne'er muſt part.

IV.

A gloomy cloud o'er-caſt hi sbrow,
He found himſelf he knew not how,
He pouts and glouts, and peeviſh grew,
As other angry huſband's do.
Whene'er he mov'd he felt her ſtill,
She kiſs'd him oft againſt his will,
With favours ſtill o'erwhelm'd her lord,
Abroad, at home, at bed, at board.

V.

But he ſtill obſtinate and ſtout,
At length her ſtock of love was out,
So back to back in diſcontent,
They ſit, and ſullenly repent;
Thus, after ſome few hearty pray'rs,
A joſtle, and ſome ſpiteful tears,

This is the burden of their ſong,
That life is tedious and too long.

INSCRIPTION *for a* BENCH *beneath a favourite Tree.*

AVAUNT! ye noiſy ſons of wine,
Nor round your brows *my* roſes twine:
'Twas not for you, that Flora here
Beſtow'd thoſe beauties of the year.

But ye, who ſocial converſe love,
Or ye whom ſofter paſſions move,
Come paſs with me the careleſs day,
Or in my groves in freedom ſtray.

For *you* this verdant turf is ſpread,
For *you* this beech here rears its head,
For *you* has Flora ſcatter'd here
The varied beauties of the year.

In the Church-Yard of Bromley, *in* Kent.

Written by the late JOHN HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.

Near this place lies the body of
ELIZABETH MONK,
who departed this life on the 17th day of Aug. 1753,
aged 101.
She was the widow of John Monk, late of this pariſh,
blackſmith,
her ſecond huſband,
to whom ſhe had been a wife near fifty years.

By

By him ſhe had no children;
and of the iſſue of her firſt marriage none lived to the ſecond.———
But virtue
would not ſuffer her to be childleſs.
An infant, to whom, and to whoſe father and uncles,
ſhe had been nurſe,
(ſuch is the uncertainty of temporal poſterity!)
became dependent upon ſtrangers for the neceſſaries of life;
to him ſhe afforded the protection of a mother.
This parental charity was returned with filial affection;
and ſhe was ſupported in the feebleneſs of age
by him whom ſhe had cheriſhed in the helpleſneſs of infancy.
LET IT BE REMEMBERED,
That there is no ſtation in which induſtry will not obtain power to be liberal,
nor any character on which liberality will not confer Honour.
She had been long prepared,
by a ſimple and unaffected piety,
for that awful moment which, however delayed, is univerſally ſure.
How few are allowed an equal time of probation!
How many by their lives appear to preſume upon more!
To preſerve the memory of this perſon,
but yet more to perpetuate the leſſon of her life,
this ſtone was erected by voluntary contribution.

In the Cathedral at Briſtol.

In Memory of Mrs. MASON, *who died at the* Hotwells, in 1767.

TAKE, holy earth, all that my ſoul holds dear,
Take that beſt gift which heav'n ſo lately gave:
To Briſtol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form: ſhe bow'd to taſte the wave,
And died. Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
Does ſympathetic fear their breaſts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a ſtrain divine;
Ev'n from the grave thou ſhalt have pow'r to charm:
Bid them be chaſte, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in duty's ſphere as meekly move;
And, if ſo fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendſhip, and as fond in love;
Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas ev'n to thee,) yet, the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlaſting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

W. MASON.

From an old News-paper.

I AM a theatrical politician, and can talk as learnedly in my field of politics as you, or any of your correſpondents, can do in your's. I can remember the day when a *Gray's-Inn Journaliſt*, or an *Herald*, has mauled a manager weekly, as ably as *the Monitor* or *the North*

North Briton has lately attacked the Miniſter. Some of you politicians allow Mr. Pitt to be a great man, but think he has been too fond of continental connections. In like manner, I not only allow Garrick to be the greateſt actor the world ever ſaw, but alſo am of opinion, that he is an excellent manager; and yet I muſt, as a true patriot, blame him for his encouragement of pantomime. Two pantomimes in one winter, and the town had only ſenſe enough to damn one. *O tempora! O mores!* but I ſhall conclude what I have to ſay at preſent, with taking notice, that the revolutions of theatres are as extraordinary as thoſe of ſtates and republics; and tumults in kingdoms are ſcarce attended with greater confuſion than riots at the Playhouſe. On theſe occaſions great patriots, theatrical and political, chiefly ſhew themſelves. Hampden, who oppoſed ſhip-money, is not more celebrated than *Thady Fitzpatrick*, who demoliſhed *full-price*. The following poem is a parody on that celebrated ode of Dryden's, which that great orator, Mr. Sheridan, has ſo often recited with uncommon applauſe at Spring-gardens, Pewterers-hall, Drury-lane Theatre, Oxford, Cambridge, and Bath; and I moſt heartily wiſh, that it were in my power to prevail with that Gentleman to employ his noble powers of elocution on the following parody.

FITZ-

FITZGIG's TRIUMPH; *or, the* POWER *of* RIOT: An ODE, *in honour of the* 25*th and* 26*th of January, and the* 24*th of February*, 1763.

'TWAS at the rabble rout, when Mima won
Thro' Fizgig Fizgig's ſon!
Below in aukward ſtate
The bluſt'ring ruffian ſate
On his audacious throne;
His noiſy peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with malice and with rapine frown'd,
So footpads in the dark are found!
The blarneying Burky by his ſide,
In impudence and ignorance ally'd,
With brazen front was ſeen in riot's pride,
Shameleſs, ſhameleſs, ſhameleſs pair,
Well do your heads your hearts declare!

Our Garrick's voice on high
Awhile the rout confounds,
He runs with rapid ſkill through elocution's bounds;
The lofty ſounds aſcend the ſky,
And in the ſons of poetry
Celeſtial joys inſpire!
From Shakeſpeare's ſelf the lore he caught,
From him the glowing pow'r poſſeſt,
Who gaz'd on *Nature*'s charms with eager ardour fraught,
And to her pliant form with warmth reſiſtleſs preſt,

(Extatic

(Extatic warmth, by which his lays
Have been deriv'd to modern days !)
Then, while he ſought her lovely breaſt,
While round her yielding waiſt he curl'd,
He ſtamp'd an image of himſelf——a Garrick for the world.

The ſons of taſte admire the lofty ſound ;
A preſent Shakeſpeare—hark ! they ſhout around,
A preſent Shakeſpeare——hark ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With dubious fears
The General hears,
Aſſumes the rod,
The critic nod,
And ſhakes his Midas' ears

Thalia's beauties then the mighty maſter drew,
Thalia, ever fair and ever new.
" See the pleaſing nymph advance,"
" Breathe the flute, and lead the dance."
Fluſh'd with bewitching grace,
She ſhews her lovely Face.
While the prevailing verſe he ſtrives to raiſe,
And bids deſcriptive pow'r grow laviſh in her praiſe.

Thalia, ever fair and young,
Mirthſome joys did firſt ordain ;
Thalia's bleſſings are a treaſure,
Never-ſating ſtream of pleaſure,

Which

Which ſhe pours from charmed cup,
O'er the ſouls, "who've ta'en their freedom up."
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure,
To ſouls, "who've ta'en their freedom up."
Vex'd at the ſound, the General's pride wax'd low,
Too weak to ward off Reaſon's blow;
Yet thrice he drown'd fair Juſtice' voice, yet thrice bawl'd

YES, or NO!

The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe,
His ſwelling cheeks, his envious eyes,
And, while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
His ready hand he chang'd, and try'd to check his pride.

He choſe the mournful Muſe,
Soft pity to infuſe;
He ſung Melpomene divine,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from her high eſtate,
Dethron'd by Pantomime!
Deſerted in her utmoſt need
By thoſe her ſacred labours fed,
On the bare ſtage diſtreſt ſhe lies,
With not a friend to bid her riſe.

With downcaſt looks the joyleſs Gen'ral ſate,
Revolving in his *alter'd* ſoul
The various merits of the ſtage,
And now and then a groan he ſtole,
And ſhouts began to rage.

BEARD, *ſweet muſician*, then aſſay'd
The pow'r of harmony to prove,
To poetry a kindred aid,
With pity melting as with love!

Softly ſweet in Lydian meaſures,
He try'd to ſooth his ſoul to pleaſures:
Jars, he ſung, are toil and trouble,
Faction a miſleading bubble,
Path to diſcontent and frenzy,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying,
Tho' the ſtage be worth thy envy,
Think, oh! think it worth enjoying:
Let thy friendly fears adviſe thee,
Think my *Lord Chief Juſtice* ſpies thee!

Fitzgig, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the man,
Who check'd his plan,
And groan'd and hiſs'd, and groan'd and hiſs'd,
Groan'd and hiſs'd, and groan'd again.
At length with fear and ſhame at once oppreſt,
Away the Gen'ral ſlunk, and left the reſt.

Lo!

Lo! now the ruffians roar amain,
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain,
Break his bands of ſhame aſunder,
Recall him with a rattling peal of thunder!

Hark! hark! at the clattering ſound,
Burky rears up his head,
And cries, "Is he fled?"
And amaz'd he ſtares round—
Revenge! Revenge! then Burky cries,
Lo! the plunderers riſe!
See the ſconces they tear,
How they claſh in the air,
And the rapine that glares in their eyes.

Behold a dirty band,
Each a club in his hand,
Thoſe are *hireling ſlaves*, who to *eating* are ſtrangers,
Who obey the command,
Tho' ſhock'd at the dangers!

Give the vengeance due
To the bluſt'ring crew,
Behold, how they toſs up the benches on high,
(O Fitzgig, return, and our victory ſpy!)
How they break the *orcheſtral* abodes,
How the *inſtruments* ſhatter by loads!
The ruffians applaud with a furious joy,
And a buck ſeiz'd a candle with zeal to deſtroy.

Burky led the way,
To guide them to their prey,
And, like another Ganymede, reduc'd another Troy.
Not long ago,
Ere *bouncing braggarts* dealt the blow,
While bockheads yet were mute,
Our Garrick to the feeling mind could ſuit
His various art, each paſſion could inſpire,
Could kindle manly rage, or melt with ſoft deſire.

At laſt enormous Fitzgig came,
Inſpirer of the robber's claim,
The ſtrange enthuſiaſt impoſitions gives;
Quenching the fire of magic ſounds,
Adds length and ſtrength to mimic bounds,
With impudence and pride, and arts unknown to thieves!

Let judgment then reſign the prize,
And mourn her mangled crown;
She rais'd a Shakeſpeare to the ſkies,
He threw a Garrick down.

The plund'rers rend the roof with loud applauſe;
So merit loſt, and riot won the cauſe.

From the PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

WHILST you and your correſpondents are ſo laudably employed in watching over the welfare of the ſtate, keeping a jealous eye on miniſters, and pointing out the *errors* of government, I wiſh, Mr. Woodfall (if you could but find time for it) that you would pay ſome little attention to your own *errors.*

Perhaps it will appear the higheſt degree of preſumption, to offer advice to a perſon in *your* eminent ſtation, *one* who every day (Sundays excepted) dictates to Miniſters, and counſels Kings; *one* who is read and admired in every part of the Britiſh dominions.

It is for this very reaſon, Sir, that I think it incumbent on me to tell you of your *miſtakes*, for you cannot ſay with *Job*, "*Albeit that I have erred, mine* ERROR, *remaineth with* MYSELF." No, Mr. Woodfall, *your* errors circulate far and wide; they miſrepreſent many, and miſlead more; in ſhort, the errors I mean are *errors of the preſs*, or, as my *learned* friend, *Sir James Hodges* expreſſes them in *one* Engliſh-latin-ſingular-plural word, *erratums.*

Of all errata, the moſt *harmleſs* are thoſe which make ſtark-ſtaring *nonſenſe.* Theſe are never imputed to the writer, but are corrected by the reader, in his own mind, as he goes along; but the *dangerous* ones are thoſe which make a kind of *half* ſenſe, and paſs current as the ſenſe of the *author*, until the day following

ing, when your liſt of errata transfers the blame from the writer to the printer. However, I muſt ſay, that printers (with all their profeſſions of candor) are as little apt to acknowledge *their* errors as the reſt of mankind, for not one erratum in ten is ever acknowledged, and indeed I ſuppoſe they very ſeldom would, unleſs at the particular deſire of the writer.

As I have ſaid much about the *errors of the preſs*, it may naturally be expected that I ſhould produce ſome proofs of what I have aſſerted. This I am enabled to do, having paid particular attention to them for ſome time paſt, and having look'd more ſharply after them, than the promotions civil or military, the prices of corn or of ſtocks, the liſt of ſhips or bankrupts, or of thoſe paragraphs which inform who's dead, who's married, or who's hang'd.

But now for the particulars of the charge.

I have known you throw an injurious reflection on all the crown'd heads in Europe at one ſtroke, for inſtead of *Potentates* you have call'd them *potatoes*, as if they had been *meer vegetables*. As to the King of Pruſſia, you talk of *him* in a different ſtile, for inſtead of the *Hero* of Pruſſia, you have made him the *Nero*. Next day comes your apology, or your *erratum*, which ſometimes, inſtead of mending matters, makes things worſe, and, like an arch tinker, in ſtopping one hole makes two, as I remember my old friend Alderman Faulkner, of Dublin, corrected an error in *his* Journal, " Erratum in our laſt; for *his* Grace the Ducheſs

of Dorſet, read *her* Grace the Duke of Dorſet." Indeed a blunder ſeems to be ſomething of the nature of a *bog*, the more you ſtruggle the deeper you get into it. But to proceed. You have on ſeveral occaſions uſed the *Doge* of Genoa extremely ill, and never have made him the leaſt apology for omitting the laſt letter in his title; though if you *had* deſired your readers next day, "inſtead of *Dog*, to read Doge," I do confeſs that it would have been no great reparation.

I remember the Iriſh parliament ſome time ago, were offended at ſomething in the Public Advertiſer, and took up the matter ſo *warmly*, that they order'd the paper to be burnt. Now, Mr. Woodfall, whether *you* have taken umbrage alſo and like*wiſe*, or whether it proceeds from negligence, I know not; but certain it is, that ſeveral unlucky miſtakes have happened relative to that reſpectable body. At their firſt meeting, you told us, (inſtead of a *bill*) that a motion would be made for leave to bring in a bull;—and afterwards another motion, that the order of the *Dey* be read, as if it was an Aſſembly on the coaſt of *Barbary*.——You told us one day, that Lord ———, of the kingdom of Ireland, had been ſafely delivered of a daughter; and we were all very anxious on my Lord's account, till the day following, when you delivered his Lordſhip of the burthen, and brought the child into the world a more natural way.

In a late ſcuffle under the Piazza, Covent Garden, you informed us that an Iriſh officer had got a *confuſion* in his head; and you made no apology afterwards,

thinking

thinking, I ſuppoſe, there was no occaſion for any, as you were right to a *T*.

Not long ago you advertiſed a ſpeedy cure for *raptures*, and I am afraid it gave ſome wicked bachelor occaſion to ſcoff at the holy ſtate of matrimony; for as the Devil would have it (I mean one of *your* Devils) the very next advertiſement to it, was from a gentleman who wanted a wife, and over it was printed matrimony in capitals; conſequently it appeared that *matrimony* was the moſt ſpeedy and effectual cure for *raptures*, though of ever ſo long ſtanding, &c. &c.

I have known yon advertiſe inſtead of a *never*-failing remedy, an ever-failing remedy: Now, Sir, though this might be ſtrictly true, yet I hold it not proper that it ſhould be ſo ſet down, as I ſuppoſe the quack doctor paid you his money for conveying a very different ſenſe to the public.---In a receipt lately publiſhed for the cure of the plague, inſtead of *rue*, you put rice, and ſo made a *pudding* of it; and in advertſing a courſe of lectures, you turned a *ſyllabus* into a ſyllabub; and called the perpetual *motion*, a perpetual notion.

I wiſh you would be a little more cautious in adverting *Salivation not neceſſary*; for it happened, that by omitting the *i* in ſalivation, you gave great offence to ſome very good chriſtians in my neighbourhood; and alſo gave occaſion to ſome wicked *punſters* to obſerve, that it was not the *firſt* time an *eye* had been loſt in ſalivation; nay, that ſome people had been ſo unlucky as to loſe a *couple*.

There is another advertiſement which frequently occurs, beginning with, " *Whereas ſeveral evil-minded perſons, &c.*"---One day you made it evil-minded *parſons*, which was extremely unlucky; for in theſe times of *infidelity*, people are too apt to ſcoff at the clergy, and indeed at all ſerious ſubjects; as to myſelf, I muſt confeſs that I am particularly hurt at thoſe *impertinent Levities* with which ſome people indulge themſelves, being a perſon of a ſerious turn of mind, and of a diſpoſition rather ſaturnine and grave.

It too of often happens, Mr. Woodfall, that " what ſhould be *grave* you turn to *farce*;" I remember in your paper, a ſenſible pathetic letter, ſign'd a *Citizen*; he laments the *internal* ſtate of this country, and *you* made it the infernal ſtate; when he exclaimed ſad *reverſe!* you made him cry out ſad reverie; he diſapproved of all *national* reflections, you made him diſapprove of all rational reflections; and talking of the *fate* of empires, you him ſay the *fat* of empires; now as there are ſo many ſtanding jokes about citizens being fond of *fat*, (whether turtle fat or veniſon fat) this unlucky miſtake quite ſpoil'd the letter, diſobliged my friend the Citizen, and " all the fat was in the fire." And here I cannot help taking notice of a paragraph ſome time ſince, containing an account of the election of a worthy Alderman for a certain ward, when inſtead of ſaying he was *duly* elected, you ſaid he was *dully* elected, and thereby afforded a handle for breaking ſome common-place jeſts, on that reſpectable body of

men,

men, the Court of Aldermen. Another time, in the account of an entertainment given by a worthy Alderman, to the Deputy and Common Council of his ward, where they *dined* on the turtle, you ſaid they *died* on the turtle; as if they had all ate till they choak'd or burſt; whereas, on the contrary, it was extremely remarkable, that none either over-ate themſelves, or caught a ſurfeit that day.

From ſeveral articles, Mr. Woodfall, one would be apt to conclude, that you were no great *geographer*; for you tell us of Corſairs fitted out from *Turin*, inſtead of *Tunis*; and that the *Chineſe* had revolted againſt the Spaniards, inſtead of the *Chileſe*; now, though theſe two nations are on different ſides of the globe, I ſuppoſe you thought they were near neighbours, being within an *ell* of each other. Laſt year, when the Ruſſian fleet took the Iſle of *Lemnos*, you told us that part of the ſquadron remained at the Iſle of *Candy*, and the reſt were going to attack the Iſle of *Lemons*; you ſuppoſed, no doubt, that Candy was a *ſugar* iſland, and that they were gone to the Iſle of *Lemons* for fruit, and ſo between them to ſupply the fleet (pro bono publico) with *punch*.

You have ſometimes treated the *Ruſſians* very injuriouſly, by calling them Ruffians; and one day you told us, the combined army of the Turks and Tartars (inſtead of a *Kam*) was commanded by a *Ram*; as if they had been a parcel of ſheep: and when it was expected the two armies were coming to *action*, you ſaid they were coming to Acton; and as there was a conſi-

derable fall of ſtocks about that time, I have reaſon to think it was owing to the above report, or to ſome other equally alarming.

I trembled for you during the whole time of the congreſs at *Fockzany*, 'tis a tickliſh word in the hands of a careleſs compoſitor; and one does not know what terrible work he might make of it: *Apropos*, it is not long ſince you adverti ſed a view of the canal of *Venice*, and and you made it the canal of Venus: and in the account of a houſebreaking, inſtead of the rogues broke in at the *window*, you ſaid they broke in at the widow.

When you informed us that a certain lady was gone to paſs the holidays, at her country ſeat near *Corydon*, every reader ſuppoſed that ſome *ſcandal* was meant, till the next day, when we learnt that there was no Corydon in the caſe, and that her ladyſhip was only gone to her country ſeat near Croydon.

One day you told us, that ſome Engliſh Lord, (whoſe name I forgot) was arrived at Naples with his *tabor*; travelling with a *tabor* ſeemed to be an odd Kind of conceit; but his Lordſhip (apparement) was fond of muſic, though the tabor and pipe ſeemed more adapted to a *lugg'd bear*, than a Lord on his travels; thus *we* reaſoned, till the *erratum* of next day, deſired us "for tabor, to read *tutor*."

If your compoſitors are bad geographers, they are at leaſt as bad *arithmeticians*: wherever ſums occur, they are ſure to make a bad *figure*; I remember at different times laſt year, they made the *compulſatory* India loan, 14000, 140000, and ſometimes 14,000,000: in ſhort,

they

they have no adequate idea of figures; and as to *cyphers*, they conſider them as *meer nothings*, and that adding or taking away two or three of them from a ſum, makes no difference at all.

I have known you turn a matter of *hearſay*, into a matter of hereſy; *Damon* into a *dæmon*; a *delicious* girl, into a delirious girl; the comic *muſe*, into a comic mouſe; a Jewiſh *Rabbi*, into a Jewiſh Rabbit; and when a correſpondent, lamenting the corruption of the times, exclaimed *O Mores!* you made him cry, O Moſes!

You ſhould conſider, Mr. Printer, that there is a material difference, between acting with the utmoſt *lenity* and utmoſt levity; between *factious* and facetious; *fellow* and felon; *imprudent* and impudent; *reſolution* and revolution; *runny mead* and running mad; *loud profeſſions* and lewd profeſſions; *words* and *works*; *ſoaring* and roaring; *Thavies Inn* and Thieves Inn; *Minutes* and minuets; *rubies* and bubbies; a *tube* and a tub; all of which words, I have obſerved you, Sir, at times, uſe *indiſcriminately*.

I know you will ſay that the people ought to conſider the conſtant hurry which attends the publication of a daily paper; that the Public Advertiſer is in ſo great requeſt, and people are ſo eager to get it, "*with all its imperfections on its head*," that you really have not time to be more correct.---Ah, Maſter Woodfall! it would be well for mankind, if reformation, like charity, were always to begin at *home*; and that people would try to mend *themſelves*, inſtead of beſtowing ſo much

much fruitleſs and thankleſs pains in admoniſhing their neighbours. You, Sir, have beſtowed much time and labour, and oil, floods of ink, and reams of paper, in adviſing Miniſters of State, and correcting the meaſures of government; and after all, I dare ſay, *you yourſelf* will allow, that they are, at this moment, not one bit better or wiſer than when you firſt undertook took to mend them.

Therefore take an old man's advice, friend Woodfall; ſet a pattern to thy brother printers; leave for a while the care of the State to thoſe who are *paid* for it; —look at home;——begin a reformation *there*, and "*correct thyſelf for the example of others.*" I am,

Thy ſincere well-wiſher,

EMENDATOR.

To the Right Hon. Lord NORTH.

The Prieſt always chriſtens his own Child firſt.

My Lord,

YOUR Lordſhip, perhaps, may have read the above old maxim, and will quote it as your apology for the affectionate care you have taken of your brother, while the brothers of your Royal Maſter are ſuffered to live in obſcurity. As to the ſuperior pretenſions of your brother, it will not inſult his merit to declare, that had he been mine, with as much piety and ability as the Biſhop is allowed to be poſſeſſed of, he had been yet an humble curate; and as to the others,

they

they verify the obſervation of an eminent divine: "Although men are accuſed for not knowing their weakneſs, yet, perhaps, as few know their own ſtrength."

The indigence and policy of Scotland is well underſtood here. In that country, Jock, the Laird's brother, is generally the moſt unwelcome gueſt in the houſe; the Laird canna bide his craving, and as the laddi is peur, he may ay divert himſel wi the tennants laſſes, but he manna wed for fear of encreaſing the onarable femilie wi a diſonarable raſe of beggars. It is here alſo too often experienced, that "poverty parts good company." Your Lordſhip has alſo probably heard of this, and having prudently prevented the diſunion of your own family, have left the reſt of mankind to do as much for themſelves.

The unhappy ſituation of the Royal Brothers may be uſeful to a few around his Majeſty's perſon, but it muſt be diſadvantageous to the King and the majority of his people. The policy of dividing them is plain, as their natural ſtrength is thereby broken, and their ſeparate weakneſſes eaſily managed. Were the contrary the caſe, and that a K. a Captain General, and Lord High Admiral were united as brethren, it would be to themſelves an unconquerable ſtrength, and to the kingdom (in a few years) give union, felicity, and honour. The number of courtiers that this ſcheme would diſplace, and of courſe diſpleaſe, muſt produce an inundation of arguments againſt it; the old cant would be revived; the danger of the ſtate, of arbitrary power, and the inability of the family would be roared about

in every coffee-houſe, and wrote upon in every news-paper.

Againſt a plan of this ſort, the whole power of party, of corruption, placemen, and penſioners, beſide the crowd of expectants, would unite to defeat it, and the fears and jealouſies of the people would aſſiſt; yet wild and impoſſible as it may ſeem, while it appears clear to me, that any three men are more eaſily ſatisfied than the many hundreds complained of, I ſhall always be for trying ſome ſuch eſtabliſhment.

It is amazing to ſee men ſo blind to their own intereſt, or, ſeeing their intereſt, ſo irreſolute in a laudable purſuit of it. The loſs of one ſure friend cannot be too much lamented, nor too much given to regain him. Swift ſays, "There is none ſo low as not to be in a capacity of aſſiſting the higher, nor none ſo high as not to want the aſſiſtance of the loweſt." If this may be depended on, ſurely the friendſhip of brethren is of great conſequence to each other; trifles ought not to part them: and now, my Lord, if any one enquire the crimes for which the D—s of G. and C. ſuffer their good br——'s diſpleaſure, I fear it will not be for thoſe deeds which even the worſt men are aſhamed to countenance, but ſuch as the beſt men ſay are virtuous.

Their marrying here may be impolitic; but to conſider it criminal, is an high affront to thoſe who toil for them, and to the country that gave them birth. On this occaſion, I truſt it will not be improper to ſay, that if our Princes muſt be driven abroad, at our expence, for marrying here, they had better be kept abroad from

their youth, where they would create natural friendſhips and affections with thoſe they are permitted to marry: this would ſave them from much anxiety and ſlander, and ſave us from much expence and ſcandal; for, as it is thought, England ſhould only give them w—res, I would propoſe, that the honoured country which gave them wives, ſhould alſo give them bread.

From their preſent Majeſties, we have many reaſons for expecting a numerous offspring; and from the marriage act, and paſt experience, the parents of the preſent race of youthful beauties, and the happy huſbands of the faireſt wives, may look forward with fear and trembling. For eleven or twelve years paſt, we have been racking our invention for new language, to congratulate every additional bleſſing we received by a further ſecurity from popery, ſlavery, and arbitrary power; and in ſix or ſeven years more, ſome fortunate families may reap the benefits from thoſe bulwarks of freedom and the proteſtant religion. The Royal youth may do any thing but marry, and the innocent fair ones may be civil, repent, and mourn.

My Lord, there is a power in royalty, that by the help of vanity, will inſinuate itſelf thro' the ſtrongeſt gates; nor can the higheſt walls obſtruct its progreſs. Birth, titles, and riches, humble themſelves before the noble viſitor, and admit him to freedoms that the marriage act encourages, aſſiſts, and juſtifies. With theſe advantages, no one will believe a Prince of this family more lifeleſs or debilitated than other youthful men, nor

leſs

leſs ſenſible to the charms of our fair country women; either to ſuppoſe them ever out of temptation's way, or never to be tempted, is ridiculous. What muſt they do? or what could others have done? If religion can palliate the diſparity of marrying parties, the brothers may be eaſily reconciled; but if it cannot, will any reaſonable man ſay, that the humbleſt K. that ever England had, would look towards M—— for a wife, had he not been a proteſtant? As to the brothers of his preſent M. circumſtanced and provided for as they were, what deſirable alliance or augmentation of either fortune or honour had been acquired to themſelves or the nation, if the daughters of Strelitz had fallen to their ſhare? Would the K. be happier with ſuch a connection and its followers? or would the people more pleaſantly provide for the offspring of G——, than for the natives of their own country?

And here, my Lord, your goodneſs will permit me to obſerve, that as the difference between theſe Gentlemen happen from no merit or demerit of their own, ſo the ſame may be ſaid of ſome of their Ladies; for, were the important choice of Q—ns determined by the excellence of their ſenſe, the goodneſs of their nature, or the innocence of their manners, or even the dignity of their families, there had not been an I— L— of S—n, a —— of R—, or a —— of E—; or, if we may venture to believe a graceful, elegant form, with ſuperior beauty, are not the works of chance, but the valuable gifts of an infinite wiſdom for ſome good purpoſe, it will not be preſumption to ſay, that were K.

leſs

leſs governed by avarice or pride than by nature, and the unerring and viſible hand of Heaven, every Queen would be more agreeably diſtinguiſhed and adorned by the favour of the Almighty Maker, than by the crowns that too often diſguiſe deformity, unbecoming cunning, and hypocriſy.

In former days, when Britiſh wiſdom and Britiſh valour were in as high eſteem as now, the grand council of this nation, with the aſſiſtance of the ableſt phyſicians, conſulted together on the choice of a wife for the illuſtrious Edward the Third, and the Princeſs of Hainault was choſen in preference to wealth, family, or more powerful alliance, becauſe ſhe was poſſeſſed of all thoſe requiſites that moſt probably promiſed health, ſtrength, and beauty, to the royal iſſue. This extraordinary care was amply repaid by a Prince of this marriage, who lived to acquire unrival'd renown. " He was luxuriantly endowed with every gift of nature, unprecedented in former ſtory, and unequalled ſince; and ſuch were his military powers, that all Europe conſidered him as the moſt invincible hero of the age in which he lived; he never fought a battle he did not gain, nor undertook an enterprize in which he did not ſucceed."

Theſe deſirable conſequences are to be only expected from a rational marriage, and ſhould be a pleaſant encouragement for the preſent generation, to adopt an example ſo crown'd with ſucceſs, inſtead of ſacrificing the happineſs of the Prince to the apparent policy of the ſtate. There are too many living monuments of

diſtreſſed

diſtreſſed royalty, not to ſee the folly of it, or to wiſh the continuance of a practice that their kingdoms have long felt the evil of.

The gallant Charles the Second ſubmitted to the political faſhion of the times, and, venturing like another King in the lottery for a wife, was fortunate in wealth and alliance, but gave his hand where he could not give his heart, and ſtained a long reign with diſſipation, debauchery, prodigality, folly, and extravagance. His diſlike for the Queen begat various connections, and a numerous, expenſive family for the nation to maintain, and at laſt dying without proper iſſue, left the nation involved in debt and difficulties, and his crown to a papiſt, an elderly, poſitive man, whoſe only merit was cauſing that glorious Revolution which gave us a new and immortal King, with many new faces, new penſions, new taxes, and ſowed thoſe ſeeds of rebellion and corruption that deſtroyed or impoveriſhed one-half of the people, and greatly diſhonoured the other.

This ſubject I quit, to make one remark for the honour of England. The great ſucceſs that encourages our care and attention to the breed of our horſes and other cattle, have made them as famous abroad for their beauty and excellency, as many of our fine boned N—y and G—y are at home for the debility of their perſons, or inconſtancy of their wives; and theſe effects muſt continue, while no expence or trouble is ſpared, travelling the globe in queſt of the fineſt cattle, and

while

while avarice and paltry conſiderations in the human ſpecies, get the better of good ſenſe and nature, and propagate that feebleneſs and miſery to their delicate children, that makes them remember their parents with more contempt and pity than duty or affection.

On recollecting my text, it brings to my remembrance the variety of brothers, and others, who have been well taken care of, from her M——y's and Lord Bute's, thro' the ſeveral names of M'Kenzie, Keith, your Lordſhip's, and many others; while the Royal ſufferers have been ſo unkindly, nay, ſhamefully neglected, that their marriages became criminal, becauſe they cannot live royally.

If your Lordſhip wiſhes unity to the family of your beſt friend, your aſſiſtance may promote it; and tho' they know it, their pride may forbid them to requeſt it of one who has exemplified ſuch a partiality to his own family, and ſuch a neglect to that of his greateſt benefactor.

The difficulties of providing for the different branches of the Royal Family in this country, are principally owing to the diſinclination or timidity of Majeſty, or to the avarice and temerity of his miniſters; the firſt fearing to diſoblige his people, and the others unwilling to diſoblige themſelves. In the different departments of ſtate, there are employments that have been thought honourable for the firſt Princes in Europe; ſufficiently honourable, I will ſay, for any King's brother, and ſufficiently lucrative alſo to give them that digni-

fied appearance, becoming their high birth and ſtations.

If our hiſtory informs us right, we have had the heir apparent a Biſhop of Wincheſter, who was afterwards a King of England; alſo a King's brother, and a King's nephew, Biſhops of that ſee. Our armies have been honoured with the ſervice of crowned heads, and our navy have been equally honoured; but if the power of party or policy, or tenacious jealouſy, prevent a proviſion from any of theſe reſources, or from the law, ſurely the generoſity of that people is not extinct, who ſo liberally provided for the numerous iſſue of thoſe ſocial ladies, who enlivened the jovial court of Charles the Second.

But without interfering with any of the worthy courtiers places or penſions, their profits or perquiſites, or incumbering the ſubject with new impoſt or tax; what law or reaſon can there be againſt his Majeſty's giving between his brothers, the whole or ſome part of the New Foreſt, which would nobly provide for themſelves now, and their families hereafter?

Surely this would be fully as natural and proper as the many gifts of the Crown to the bawlers in both Houſes of Parliament, that have been ſilenced in our times by ſuch means.

His Majeſty's reſentment, I muſt believe the reſentment of a King; and I truſt, while he remembers he is their King, he will not forget he is their brother.

PYLADES.

On

On the Ladies Tetes.

INSTEAD of hair, bright Cælia wears a *tete*,
Of frowſy wool, to hide a ſhaven pate.
—As ſtript of leaves a beauteous plant becomes
A dirty mop, and ſhines with greaſy *thrums*.

Written on a Window.

WISE was the man with emblematic hand,
Who firſt on this tranſparent plate of ſand
The name of woman, Nature's faireſt queen,
Diſplay'd, engraven with the diamond keen:
Well knew he, that the glaſs and jewel join'd,
Were trueſt emblems of her face and mind.
In bounteous woman, for from woman flows
The ſource of ev'ry bleſſing life beſtows,
A thouſand charms, a thouſand faults unite,
As frail as glaſs, tho' as the diamond bright.

T. H. I.

THAMES *and the* DOCTOR.

Addreſſed to the Pr—v—ſt of E———. In imitation of the 15th Ode of the firſt book of Horace.

Paſtor cum traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenam perfidus hoſpitam,
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata———

Cambridge, Feb. 1, 1774.

HALF limp, half ſtrut, as *Jerry* hy'd,
In haſte along by Thames's ſide;
The God emerging from the flood,
Before his eyes in perſon ſtood.
Though uſed to play the bully's part,
Jerry a coward was at heart;
And now 'gan every limb to quiver,
Thus ſternly ſpoke the injur'd river:
" Well may'ſt thou, wretched caitiff, fear,
" Yet ſtop, unwelcome truths to hear;
" Juſt object of old Thames's hate,
" Too good already is thy fate:
" Curs'd be the hour that e'er beguil'd,
" On thy deſtructive reign I ſmil'd;
" If pleas'd the numbers I ſurvey'd,
" That on my crouded margin play'd;
" Of ills to come I little thought,
" And gold by far too dearly bought;

" That

" That faction's roar ſhould ſoon again
" Thin, and diſturb my peaceful plain:
" In this once pure and holy ſhade,
" That youth by venal flatt'ry fed,
" And ſtroak'd with ſycophantic wit,
" To wholeſome rule would ne'er ſubmit;
" Whom pleas'd and happy thou ſhould'ſt ſee,
" That none could ſoothe or ſway like thee.
" Curs'd be the hour that e'er beguil'd,
" On baſe, though thriving arts I ſmil'd;
" Puniſh'd for this I ſee thee made
" The tyrant of my watery glade;
" And hear thee, proud as ſwelling K—pp—l,
" With brawls profane yon ſacred chapel;
" But not in thine the crozier ſtands,
" Reſerv'd for his, and worthier hands;
" See where the ſtately Ch—ſt—r goes!
" How prim, and gentle L—nd—ff roſe!
" Where cloſely follows well dreſs'd M——re,
" And H——d the foe of painted whore:
" Modeſt, yet high upon the liſt,
" Riding prophetic Antichriſt.
" Though jockey'd once by thee, a ſteed
" D—mp--r now drives, of better ſpeed.
" Behold him touch the rochet firſt!
" While you with ſpleen and envy burſt.
" Vain is the ſtale and labour'd joke,
" Vain what to wond'ring ſquires you ſpoke,
" When keen and eloquent as M—rr—y,
" You put up candidates for Surry.

" Be wiſe,—thy myrmidons and rule,
" Make this a but, and that a tool;
" And having flatter'd much in vain,
" Be flatter'd in your turn again.
" Poor boys inſultingly upbraid,
" By charity with being fed;
" A charity, in evil hour,
" Which gave thee bread, and wealth, and pow'r,
" Might deck a hoſpitable board,
" But helps to ſwell a miſer's hoard.
" No more the ſmiling courtier teaze,
" But ſet your reſtleſs heart at eaſe,
" Nor think of mitres e'er it dawn,
" Nor dream at night in ſleeves of lawn.

The EXPOSTULATION.

To DELIA, *by Lord* G.

I.

FOR ever, O! mercileſs fair,
Will that cruel indiff'rence endure?
Can thoſe eyes look me into deſpair,
And that heart be unwilling to cure?

II.

If I love will you doom me to die,
Or, if I adore you, upbraid?
Can that breaſt the leaſt pity deny
To the wretch which your beauty has made?

How

III.

How oft what I felt to diſguiſe
  Has my reaſon imperiouſly ſtrove,
Till my ſoul almoſt fell from my eyes,
  In the tears of the tendereſt love!

IV.

Till render'd unable to flow,
  By the torture's exceſs which I bore,
That nature ſunk under the woe,
  Or only recover'd to more.

V.

Then Delia, determine my fate,
  Nor let me to madneſs be drove:
But, O! do not tell me you hate,
  If you even reſolve not to love.

The REPLY. *By Lady* MARY S.

I.

O! CEASE to mourn, unhappy youth,
  Or think this boſom hard:
My tears, alas! muſt own your truth,
  And wiſh it could reward.

II.

Th' exceſs of unabating woe,
  This tortur'd breaſt endures,
Too well, alas! muſt make you know,
  The pain that dwells in your's.

III.

Condemn'd, like you, to weep in vain,
I ſeek the darkeſt grove;
And fondly bear the ſharpeſt pain
Of never-hoping love.

IV.

My waſted day, in endleſs ſighs,
No ſound of comfort hears;
And morn but breaks on Delia's eyes
To wake her into tears.

V.

If ſleep ſhould lend her friendly aid,
In fancy I complain;
And hear ſome ſad, ſome wretched maid,
Or ſee ſome perjur'd ſwain.

VI.

Then ceaſe thy ſuit, fond youth, O ceaſe,
Or blame the fates alone;
For how can I reſtore your peace,
Who quite have loſt my own?

The CHOICE *of a* WIFE.

WHENE'ER, my friend, you chance to find
A female who attracts your mind,
Your choice awhile ſuſpend;
Examine nicely firſt her heart,
If incorrupt, if free from art;
To that, be ſure, attend.

For beauty ſoon familiar grows,
Or fades, as hourly fades the roſe,
Frail tenant of decay!
But virtue, life's extremeſt length
Improving, ſhines, and grows in ſtrength,
With each ſucceeding day.

This is the beauty worth your care,
And not the cheek, the lip, the hair,
The eye, the teeth, the mien;
If no deformity diſgrace,
You'll ſoon think that a lovely face,
Where truth and honour reign.

Be then the purpoſe of her heart,
Whom of yourſelf you'd make a part,
Confirm'd and well inform'd
In all things moral, and divine;
The virtues more attractive ſhine,
By true devotion warm'd.

Thoſe virtues ſtill have leaſt allay,
And beſt will bear the ſtrict aſſay,
That on religion grow;
Others to fear, or intereſt, yield,
Or ſhrink, or meanly quit the field,
When ſtorms of paſſion blow.

Let no vain ſuperſtitious fears
Create imaginary cares;

For thoſe, who mean the beſt,
Who've only honeſt ends in view,
Will carefully thoſe ends purſue,
And leave to Heaven the reſt.

If gratitude her boſom ſwell;
If there, kind, generous, pity dwell,
Meekneſs, and manly ſenſe;
If no deſire for dreſs, or play,
Can lead her ſteady heart away,
Fear not her innocence.

Fair virtue, honour, candour, truth,
Alone maintain the charms of youth
Through every ſtage of life:
Theſe with new luſtre ever glow,
And, every day, new charms beſtow
Upon the friend——the WIFE.

Thoſe light the lamp of pure deſire,
Theſe fan the clear, celeſtial fire,
Bright flame of laſting love;
While practis'd looks, and airs, and ſmiles,
And art, that thoughtleſs men beguiles,
But flaſhes—meteors prove.

The CHOICE *of a* HUSBAND.

By a LADY.

YOU aſk, if the thing to my choice were ſubmitted,
You aſk how I'd wiſh in a man to be fitted?
I'll anſwer you freely, but beg you to mind him;
Your friendſhip, perhaps, may aſſiſt me to find him.

His age and condition ſhall firſt be conſider'd—
The roſe on his cheek ſhould be blown, but not wither'd;
He ſhould be, then—but, hark ye! a word in your ear,
Don't you think five-and-twenty would fit to a hair?

His fortune, from debts and incumbrances clear,
Unſaddled with jointures, a thouſand a year:
Tho', to ſhew you at once, my good ſenſe and good nature,
I'd not quarrel much, ſhould it chance to be greater.

The qualities, next, of his heart and his head—
Good-natur'd, and friendly, ſincere, and well-bred;
With wit, when he pleas'd, on all ſubjects to ſhine,
And ſenſe, not too great to ſet value on mine:

His learning, and judgment, ſhould ſeldom appear;
And his courage be ſhewn, but when danger is near;
With an eye, that can melt at another man's woe,
A heart to forgive, and a hand, to beſtow.

No coxcomb who boaſts of his knowledge, or arts;
Nor ſtiff with his learning, nor proud of his parts;
No dull, ſolemn blockhead, who'd fain be thought wiſe;
For, a fool I deteſt, and a fop I deſpiſe.

Thus I've try'd to mark out, in theſe whimſical lays,
The partner I wiſh for the reſt of my days:
Go find out the lad that is form'd to my plan;
And him I will marry—I mean if I can.

But, if it ſhould chance——there's a proverb, you know,
That marriage and hanging by deſtiny go——
Should it happen that fate hath ſome other in ſtore,
The reverſe of the picture I gave you before:

Should I chance to be curſt with a fop, or a fool,
Too perverſe to be rul'd, yet too ſilly to rule,
What, then, could be done?——Without fighting, or arguing,
I think I would e'en make the beſt of my bargain:

I'd ſit down content with the lot that is mine,
And, tho' I might ſmart, yet I would not repine—
You may laugh, if you pleaſe; but I'll ſwear that I would
Do all I have told you—I mean if I could.

A PRAYER

A PRAYER *to* INDIFFERENCE.

By Mrs. GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary;
For once I'll ſtrive my wiſh to gain,
Of Oberon, the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton ſprite,
Who liv'ſt in woods unſeen,
And oft by Cynthia's ſilver light,
Trips gayly o'er the green.

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
(As ancient ſtories tell,)
And for th' Athenian maid, who lov'd,
Thou ſought'ſt a wond'rous ſpell.

Oh! deign once more t' exert thy pow'r;
Haply ſome herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice from weſtern flow'r,
Conceals a balm for me.

I aſk no kind return in love,
No tempting charm to pleaſe;
Far from that heart ſuch gifts remove,
Which ſighs for peace and eaſe.

Nor eaſe, nor peace, that heart can know
That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

For as diſtreſs the ſoul can wound,
'Tis plain in each degree;
Bliſs goes but to a certain bound,
Beyond, 'tis agony.

Then take this treacherous ſenſe of mine,
Which dooms me ſtill to *ſmart*:
Which pleaſure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart!

Oh! haſte to ſhade the ſov'reign balm,
My ſhatter'd nerves new ſtring;
And for my gueſt, ſerenely calm,
The nymph, Indifference, bring!

At her approach, ſee hope, ſee fear,
See expectation fly;
With diſappointments in the rear,
That blaſt the purpos'd joy.

The tears which pity taught to flow,
My eyes ſhall then diſown;
The heart which throbb'd for other's woe,
Shall then ſcarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then ſhall cloſe;
And peaceful days ſhall ſtill ſucceed
To nights of ſweet repoſe.

Oh, fairy elf! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort ſend;
And ſo may never-fading bliſs
Thy flow'ry paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light
  Thy tiny footſteps lead,
To ſome new region of delight,
  Unknown to mortal tread!

And be the acorn-goblet fill'd
  With heav'n's ambroſial dew,
From ſweeteſt, freſheſt flow'rs diſtill'd,
  That ſhed freſh ſweets for you.

And what of life remains for me
  I'll paſs in ſober eaſe;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
  Content but half to pleaſe.

TWO LOVE ELEGIES.

Argelitanas mavis habitare Tabernas,
  Cum tibi, parve liber, ſcrinia noſtra vacent.
Neſcis, heu! neſcis dominæ Faſtidia ROMÆ:
  Crede mihi, nimium martia turba ſapit.
Ætherias, laſcive, cupis volitare per auras:
  I, fuge; ſed poteras tutior eſſe domi.

MARTIAL.

ELEGY. I.

'TIS night, dead night; and o'er the plain
  Darkneſs extends her ebon ray,
While wide along the gloomy ſcene
  Deep Silence holds her ſolemn ſway:

S Throughout

Throughout the earth no chearful beam
The melancholic eye ſurveys,
Save where the worm's fantaſtic gleam
The 'nighted traveller betrays;
The ſavage race (ſo Heaven decrees)
No longer through the foreſt rove;
All nature reſts, and not a breeze
Diſturbs the ſtillneſs of the grove:
All nature reſts; in Sleep's ſoft arms
The village ſwain forgets his care:
Sleep, that the ſting of Sorrow charms,
And heals all ſadneſs but deſpair:
Deſpair, alone, her power denies;
And, when the ſun withdraws his rays,
To the wild beach, diſtracted, flies,
Or, chearleſs through the deſart ſtrays:
Or, to the church-yard's horrors led,
While fearful echoes burſt around,
On ſome cold ſtone he leans his head,
Or throws his body on the ground.
To ſome ſuch drear and ſolemn ſcene,
Some friendly power direct my way,
Where pale Misfortune's haggard train,
Sad luxury! delights to ſtray:
Wrapp'd in the ſolitary gloom,
Retir'd from life's fantaſtic crew,
Reſign'd, I'll wait my final doom,
And bid the buſy world adieu.

The world has now no joy for me;
  Nor can life, now, one pleaſure boaſt;
Since all my eyes deſir'd to ſee,
  My wiſh, my hope, my all, is loſt;
Since ſhe, ſo form'd to pleaſe and bleſs,
  So wiſe, ſo innocent, ſo fair,
Whoſe converſe ſweet, made ſorrow leſs,
  And brighten'd all the gloom of care,
Since ſhe is loſt:---Ye powers divine!
  What have I done, or thought, or ſaid?
O ſay! what horrid act of mine,
  Has drawn this vengeance on my head?
Why ſhould Heaven favour LYCON's claim?
  Why are my heart's beſt wiſhes croſt?
What fairer deeds adorn his name?
  What nobler merit can he boaſt?
What higher worth in him was found,
  My true heart's ſervice to outweigh?
A ſenſeleſs fop!---a dull compound
  Of ſcarcely animated clay!
He dreſs'd indeed, he danc'd with eaſe,
  And charm'd her, by repeating o'er
Unmeaning raptures in her praiſe,
  That twenty fools had ſaid before:
But I, alas! who thought all art
  My paſſion's force would meanly prove,
Could only boaſt an honeſt heart,
  And claim'd no merit but my love.

The

Have I not ſate---Ye conſcious hours,
  Be witneſs---while my STELLA ſung,
From morn to eve, with all my powers
  Rapt in the enchantment of her tongue!
Ye conſcious hours, that ſaw me ſtand,
  Entranc'd in wonder, and ſurpriſe,
In ſilent rapture preſs her hand,
  With paſſion burſting from my eyes.
Have I not lov'd?---O earth, and heaven!
  Where, now, is all my youthful boaſt?
The dear exchange I hop'd was given
  For ſlighted fame, and fortune loſt!
Where, now, the joys that once were mine?
  Where all my hopes of future bliſs?
Muſt I thoſe joys, theſe hopes reſign?
  Is all her friendſhip come to this?
Muſt, then, each woman faithleſs prove;
  And each fond lover be undone?
Are vows no more!---Almighty Love!
  The ſad remembrance let me ſhun!
It will not be——my honeſt heart
  The dear, ſad image ſtill retains:
And, ſpite of reaſon, ſpite of art,
  The dreadful memory remains.
Ye powers divine, whoſe wond'rous ſkill
  Deep in the womb of Time can ſee,
Behold, I bend me to your will,
  Nor dare arraign your high decree!

Let her be bleſs'd with health, with eaſe,
  With all your bounty has in ſtore;
Let ſorrow cloud my future days,
  Be STELLA bleſs'd!---I aſk no more.
But lo! where, high in yonder Eaſt,
  The ſtar of Morning mounts apace!
Hence---let me fly th' unwelcome gueſt,
  And bid the muſe's labour ceaſe.

ELEGY II.

WHEN young, life's journey I began,
  The glittering proſpect charm'd my eyes,
I ſaw along th' extended plain
  Joy after joy ſucceſſive riſe:
And Fame her golden trumpet blew;
  And Power diſplay'd her gorgeous charms;
And Wealth engag'd my wandering view;
  And Pleaſure woo'd me to her arms:
To each, by turns, my vows I paid,
  As Folly led me to admire;
While Fancy magnify'd each ſhade;
  And Hope encreas'd each fond deſire.
But ſoon I found 'twas all a dream;
  And learn'd the fond purſuit to ſhun,
Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,
  And thouſands, daily, are undone:

And Fame, I found, was empty air;
  And Wealth had Terror for her gueſt;
And Pleaſure's path was ſtrewn with care;
  And Power was vanity at beſt.
Tir'd of the chace, I gave it o'er;
  And, in a far ſequeſter'd ſhade,
To Contemplation's ſober power
  My youth's next ſervices I paid.
There Health and Peace adorn'd the ſcene;
  And oft, indulgent to my prayer,
With mirthful eye, and frolic mien,
  The muſe would deign to viſit there:
There would ſhe oft, delighted, rove
  The flower-enamell'd vale along;
Or wander with me through the grove,
  And liſten to the wood-lark's ſong;
Or, 'mid the foreſt's awful gloom,
  Whilſt wild amazement fill'd my eyes,
Recal paſt ages from the tomb,
  And bid ideal worlds ariſe.
Thus, in the muſe's favour bleſt,
  One wiſh alone my ſoul could frame,
And Heaven beſtow'd, to crown the reſt,
  A friend, and THYRSIS was his name.
For manly conſtancy, and truth,
  And worth, unconſcious of a ſtain,
He bloom'd the flower of Britain's youth,
  The boaſt and wonder of the plain.

Still, with our years, our friendſhip grew;
No cares did then my peace deſtroy:
Time brought new bleſſings, as he flew;
And every hour was wing'd with joy:
But ſoon the bliſsful ſcene was loſt;
Soon did the ſad reverſe appear;
LOVE came, like an untimely froſt,
To blaſt the promiſe of my year.
I ſaw young DAPHNE's angel form,
(Fool that I was, I bleſs'd the ſmart)
And, while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,
The dear infection ſeiz'd my heart:
She was—at leaſt in DAMON's eyes—
Made up of lovelineſs and grace;
Her heart a ſtranger to diſguiſe;
Her mind as perfect as her face:
To hear her ſpeak, to ſee her move,
(Unhappy I, alas! the while)
Her voice was joy, her look was love,
And Heaven was open in her ſmile!
She heard me breathe my amorous prayers,
She liſten'd to the tender ſtrain,
She heard my ſighs, ſhe ſaw my tears,
And ſeem'd, at length, to ſhare my pain:
She ſaid ſhe lov'd,—and I, poor youth!
(How ſoon, alas! can hope perſuade!)
Thought all ſhe ſaid no more than truth,
And all my love was well repaid.

In joys unknown to courts, or kings,
With her I ſate the live-long day,
And ſaid and look'd ſuch tender things,
As none beſide could look, or ſay!
How ſoon can Fortune ſhift the ſcene,
And all our earthly bliſs deſtroy?—
Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train
Still treads upon the heels of Joy.
My age's hope, my youth's beſt boaſt,
My ſoul's chief bleſſing, and my pride,
In one ſad moment, all were loſt;
And DAPHNE chang'd, and THYRSIS dy'd.
O, who, that heard her vows ere-while,
Could dream thoſe vows were inſincere?
Or, who could think, that ſaw her ſmile,
That Fraud could find admittance there?
Yet, ſhe was falſe!—my heart will break!
Her frauds, her perjuries were ſuch—
Some other tongue than mine muſt ſpeak—
I have not power to ſay how much!
Ye ſwains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait;
O ſhun her paths, the traitreſs ſhun!
Her voice is death, her ſmile is fate,
Who hears or ſees her, is undone.
And, when Death's hand ſhall cloſe my eye
(For ſoon, I know, the day will come)
O chear my ſpirit with a ſigh;
And grave theſe lines upon my tomb.

The EPITAPH.

CONSIGN'D to duſt, beneath this ſtone,
In manhood's prime is DAMON laid;
Joyleſs he liv'd, and dy'd unknown
In bleak Misfortune's barren ſhade.
Lov'd by the muſe, but lov'd in vain——
'Twas Beauty drew his ruin on;
He ſaw young DAPHNE on the plain;
He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone:
His heart then ſunk beneath the ſtorm,
(Sad meed of unexampled truth)
And Sorrow, like an envious worm,
Devour'd the bloſſom of his youth.
Beneath this ſtone the youth is laid——
O greet his aſhes with a tear!
May heaven with bleſſings crown his ſhade,
And grant that peace he wanted here!

STANZAS, *to* ——————, WITH THE FORE-GOING ELEGIES.

SINCE *you* permit the lowly muſe
This offering at your feet to lay,
Her flight with ardour ſhe renews;
Nor heeds the perils of the way:

If, in the poet's artleſs lays,
  Late warbled in his native grove,
You find, perchance, one line to praiſe,
  Or ſhould one ſentiment approve;
Let critics babble, o'er and o'er,
  Of figures falſe, and accent wrong,
Bleſt in thy ſmile he aſks no more——
  There muſt be merit in the ſong.
But, when of Epitaph, and Worm,
  Of Death, and Tombs, the bard doth rave,
You'll aſk, how 'ſcap'd he from the ſtorm?
  What power hath ſnatch'd him from the grave?
The muſe the ſecret will impart;
  (For what avails it to diſguiſe?)
A ſpeck he ſaw in DAPHNE's heart,
  That dimm'd the luſtre of her eyes.
But, had the maid thy power poſſeſs'd,
  To bind and ſtrengthen Beauty's charm;
The virtues glowing in thy breaſt:
  The graces breathing in THY form:
Of manners gentle, and ſincere,
  Had DAPHNE been what —— is,
And had Misfortune's ſtroke ſevere
  Then robb'd him of the promis'd bliſs,
Too big for words, the deep diſtreſs
  Had quickly ſtopp'd the poet's tongue:
O'er-borne by Paſſion's wild exceſs,
  His heart had ſunk, unwept, unſung.

The youth, too ſure, had "dy'd unknown;"
  No lover's ſigh his ſhade had bleſs'd;
No rude memorial on his ſtone
  Had mark'd his aſhes from the reſt;
Unleſs, perchance, with one kind tear,
  The pitying maid his fate ſhould mourn,
And bid ſome happier ſervant's care
  To throw a laurel on his urn.

VERSES *to a young Lady, with a new edition of* Shakeſpeare. *By the* EARL *of* C——.

POET of Nature, thou whoſe boundleſs art
  Deſcrib'd each power that rules the throbbing heart;
Feign'd all that love, that glory e'er inſpir'd,
That warm'd a *Romeo*, or a *Percy* fir'd;
In love's ſweet cauſe be now thy magic try'd,
And charm with future ſcenes, my deſtin'd bride!
Lo! at thy call, fiends croſs the blaſted heath,
And riſing ſpectres daunt the pale Macbeth;
Who doom'd by guilt his anxious eyes to caſt,
On dim Futurity's untravell'd waſte,
On alien brows beheld his wreſted crown,
Deplor'd the paſt, and ſaw the future frown:
Oh, once again thoſe wond'rous ſpells prepare,
With milder viſions paint th' embodied air!
No more in caves let fires infernal glow,
Nor call thy phantoms from the world below:

In

In LAURA's ſight let Hymen's altar blaze,
Let Cupid's torch diffuſe its brighteſt rays;
Let ſmiling hours in feſtive circles dance,
And white-rob'd prieſts to meet our ſteps advance;
In diſtant view be LOVE's dear pledges ſhewn,
And all the long ſucceſſion live our own;
So round thy favour'd tomb, thy hallow'd urn,
May ev'ry muſe her veſtal incenſe burn;
Still may thoſe laureat brows their honour wear,
Secure from critics, envy, and *Voltaire!*
Still on the ſtage thou rear'ſt may *Garrick* ſtand,
For Shakeſpeare's lyre obeys no other hand:
Still ſleep thy page near LAURA's pillow plac'd,
And future comments grace thee like the laſt.

A PASTORAL BALLAD, *Compoſed one hundred years ago.*

GOOD-NATURE and *Courteſy*, ſiſters I ween,
Twin daughters of *Virtue* the mother;
In features ſo like that when ſingle they're ſeen,
Folks often take one for the other:
In gentle complacency, geſture, and grace,
A difference ſcarce could you ſee;
Save one, when you ſpoke to her, ſmil'd in your face;
T'other modeſtly bended the knee.

One fine ſummer's morning reſolv'd on a roam,
They roſe with the lark, and as gay,
For as they intended to go far from home,
They dreſs'd themſelves out for the day:
Their *buſkins* they lac'd, ſo to leave the knee bare,
And move with a grace unconfin'd;
Their robes that were wont to flow looſe in the air,
Were careleſsly tuck'd up behind.

Enſhrin'd in a ſcarf of a roſe-colour'd hue,
As ſplendid and bright as the morn!
A preſent which *Hebe* the fair goddeſs threw
O'er their faces the day they were born:
While fragrance by *Zephyr* was pilfer'd away,
And wafted all over the dale;
Their fair auburn treſſes a-looſe in diſplay,
Were wantonly kiſs'd by the gale.

Thus array'd for the journey, and each to her mind,
They chearfully walk'd on together;
Their ſteps were ſo light, left no traces behind,
And their hearts were as light as a feather:
"Far *weſtward*," ſays *Courteſy*, "lives a fam'd knight,
"Near a town in the mountains of Kerry;
"If fatigu'd, we'll repoſe at that ſeat of delight,
"He was *wont* to be courteous and merry.

"Erſt often times happy we've ſung, danc'd, and play'd,
"And frolick'd away with each other;
"Hand in hand o'er the lawns and the vallies we
"ſtray'd,
"They took us for ſiſter and brother:

"*Fame*

" *Fame* ſays, he's much chang'd ſince he took a *ſ*..
" bride,
" Who preſides at the caſtle of Dingle;"
" He ſure won't forget us," *Good-nature* reply'd,
" Who careſs'd us ſo often when ſingle."

Thus in chatting along they beguil'd away reſt,
'Till at length they diſcovered a town;
Juſt as *Sol* ſunk reclin'd upon *Thetis*'s breaſt,
And eve became duſky and brown,
When the caſtle they ſought for aroſe in full view,
Both their eyes and their hearts to delight;
Whoſe ſplendid appearance they very well knew,
And its bountiful owner, the knight.

As they drew near the gate, they adjuſted each grace,
Which had ſuffer'd thro' toil, and the weather,
The hair, the rude wind had blown over the face,
They comb'd in, and tied up together;
Then rapt at the door, and each ſent in her name,
Which announced that *two ladies* did wait;
Old acquaintance, they ſaid, and they thought it no ſhame
To pay him a viſit, tho' late.

When a dowdy-like figure, in riding attire,
With as little of beauty as grace;
The cheeks all empurpl'd with ſpots red as fire,
Suffuſing it o'er the whole face:

With arms ſet a-kimbo, and maſculine air,
Advanc'd like the caſtle's defender;
Tho' the ſex none can vouch, as it breeches did wear,
And ſeem'd of the *epicene* gender.

But a ſhrill female voice ſoon the woman declar'd,
Which pierc'd like the wind in December;
Aſſailing the ears of the nymphs (who were ſcar'd)
In words they have cauſe to remember:
" How have ye the confidence, huſſeys," ſhe cries,
" At this time of the night to alarm me?
" The names you ſent in are a parcel of lies;
" You are *trulls* that belong to the army.

" The *perſon* you've had the aſſurance to name,
" Whoſe former acquaintance you boaſt;
" It's the worth of his ears to acknowledge your claim,
" While I'm at the *head of the roaſt*:
" Such *trollops* ſhall never come near his domain,—
" So march off, and ſeek for new places."—
Then turn'd on her heel with an air of diſdain,
And ſlapt the door full in their faces.

The LAWYER's PRAYER.

A FRAGMENT.

ORDAIN'D to tread the thorny ground,
Where few, I fear, are found;
Mine, be the conſcience void of blame;
The upright heart; the ſpotleſs name;

The

The tribute of the widow's prayer;
The righted orphan's grateful tear!
To virtue, and her friends, a friend;
Still may my voice the weak defend!
Ne'er may my proſtituted tongue
Protect th' oppreſſor in his wrong;
Nor wreſt the ſpirit of the laws,
To ſanctify the villain's cauſe!
Let others, with unſparing hand,
Scatter their poiſon through the land;
Enflame diſſention, kindle ſtrife;
And ſtrew with ills the path of life;
On ſuch, her gifts let fortune ſhower
Add wealth to wealth, and power to power;
On me, may favouring heaven beſtow,
That peace, which good men only know.
The joy of joys, by few poſſeſs'd,
The eternal ſunſhine of the breaſt!
Power, fame, and riches, I reſign—
The praiſe of honeſty be mine;
That friends may weep, the worthy ſigh;
And poor men bleſs me when I die!

LOVE ELEGY. *To* DAMON.

NO longer hope, fond youth, to hide thy pain *,
No longer bluſh the ſecret to impart;
Too well I know what broken murmurs mean,
And ſighs that burſt, half ſtifled, from the heart.

Nor did I learn this ſkill by *Ovid*'s rule;
The magic arts are to thy friend unknown:
I never ſtudy'd but in *Myra*'s ſchool;
And only judge thy paſſion by my own.

Believe me, † *Love* is jealous of his power;
Confeſs betimes the influence of the god:
The ſtubborn feel new torments every hour;
To merit mercy, we muſt kiſs the rod.

In vain, alas! you ſeek the lonely grove,
And in ſad numbers to the *Thames* complain:
The ſhade, with kindred ſoftneſs, ſoothes thy love;
Sad numbers ſoothe, but cannot cure thy pain.

When *Phœbus* felt (as ſtory ſings) the ſmart,
By the coy beauties of his *Daphne* fir'd,
‡ Not *Phœbus* ſelf could profit by his art,
Though all the Nine the ſacred lay inſpir'd.

* Non ego celari poſſim, quid nutus amantis,
Quidve ferant miti lenia verba ſono.
Nec mihi ſunt ſortes.—— TIBUL.

† Deſine diſſimulare; Deus crudelius urit
Quos videt invitos ſuccubuiſſe ſibi. TIBUL.

‡ Nec proſunt Domino, quæ proſunt omnibus artes. OVID.

Even

Even ſhould the maid vouchſafe to hear thy ſong,
No tender feelings would its ſorrows raiſe;
For, Verſe hath mourn'd imagin'd woes ſo long,
She'll hear unmov'd, and, without pitying, praiſe.

Nor yet, proud maid, ſhould'ſt thou refuſe thine ear;
Nor are the manners of the poet rude;
Nor pours he not the ſympathetic tear,
His heart by anguiſh, not his own ſubdu'd.

When faireſt names in long oblivion rot,
(For faireſt names muſt yield to waſting time)
The poet's miſtreſs 'ſcapes the common lot,
And blooms uninjur'd in his living rhyme.

Imitation of the eighth Ode in the third Book of Horace,
by Mr. Harris.

To the Honourable THOMAS WINNINGTON, *Eſq*;

YOU aſk why bachelors take ſtate;
My little room, my ſcanty plate,
Thus furbiſh'd out for dinner—
Eloquent ſenator, this treat
Was vow'd, when in wine-licence ſeat,
You plac'd a half-ſtarv'd ſinner.

This day revolving, ſhall produce
My well-wax'd, choiceſt, ſacred juice
Of claret and Champaign,
Old Cyprus labelled from renown,
Of battle fought, or taken town,
In god-like Naſſau's reign.

Oh!

O! Winnington, now freely quaff,
Prolong the revels and the laugh,
Let ſtrife and envy vaniſh;
Forget the ſtate and civil cares,
The realms of Auſtria rent in ſhares,
Each German conteſt baniſh.

Spain ſhall ſubmit, that ſlow tam'd-foe,
France quits the meditated blow,
Her famiſh'd fleet retiring;
Soon Ruſſia's ſons ſhall fill the plain,
The balance England hold again,
Walpole and George inſpiring.

Of great affairs now waſh your hands,
And leave the empty houſe to Sands,
Of buſineſs ever thinking;
Let him and Gyb——n finiſh now,
The nothing that there's left to do,
While we ſit gayly drinking.

Forget for once all public cares,
All parli'mentary affairs,
All precedents and order;
Not e'en about elections think,
Nor ſigh at the expence of drink,
Dear glorious recorder.

But tell when firſt by Polly mov'd,
How great your flame, how much you lov'd,

How many times you kiſs'd her—
Poor girl, deſerted and forlorn!
This for the night—then in the morn,
Fly with relays to Worceſter.

ODE *at a celebrated Entertainment.*

'TWAS at a city-feaſt for honours won
By *Midas*, *Mammon*'s darling ſon,
Stuck up in ſolemn ſtate
His purſe-proud worſhip ſat,
A ſugar-caſk his throne.
The wealthy Aldermen were plac'd around;
The leaſt of whom was worth ten thouſand pound;
So ſhou'd deſert in induſtry be crown'd;
In all the pomp of Aſia's pride,
There ſat majeſtic Nabobs by his ſide,
Who the poor, proſtrate Great-Mogul beſtride:
Mighty! mighty! mighty band!
None but directors empires ſhou'd command.

The more the feaſt to grace,
The city-muſic had their proper place,
Where, to an ancient harp new-ſtrung,
A bard accompanying ſung.

His ſong began
With celebration of the man
Who, with a noble thirſt of glory fir'd,
To be a member and Lord-May'r aſpir'd;

ut

But what was greater ſtill,
With high proteſts and low-lif'd words at will,
A famous orator he grew,
And all antagoniſts o'erthrew;
He ſpeech'd it, rav'd, and bounc'd;
Till ſoon to bind his brows there was decreed
A garland of green oyſter-weed,
While all, him god of Billingſgate pronounc'd.

The liſtening croud catch at the ſtriking ſound;
A preſent deity! the ſtucco roofs rebound;
Great *Midas* hears,
Elate appears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And, bridling; ſhakes his ears.

The praiſe of *Plutus* next enrich'd the ſtrain,
The very worſhipping of whom is gain:
The golden pagod, ſee! in triumph comes:
Sound the trumpets! beat the drums!
How bright his yellow face
Shines forth with a reſiſtleſs grace!
Prepare your open palms; he comes! he comes!
Plutus, ever winning, ever great,
The joy of hoarding did the firſt create:
Sublime the merit
Of ſuch a ſpirit!
Plutus's bleſſings are in heaps of treaſure:
Money-getting is a noble pleaſure;

Rich the treaſure
Sweet the pleaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure ſprings from gain.

Though ſooth'd and flatter'd with the ſtrain,
Midas, high-rank'd among the money'd train,
Leſs avaritious ſtill than vain,
Riches affected to diſdain;
Which not quite grateful ſhow'd
Where he his whole importance ow'd:
Then looking fine and bluff,
He ſwore he fortune had enough,
Peace and penſion far above,
He courted nothing but the people's love;
Money he valued leſs than a good name;
And to confirm his claim,
Spoke all his ſpeeches o'er again,
The frothy produce of a windy brain.

The maſter ſees the folly riſe,
His ſwelling cheeks and ſtarting eyes;
And while with bloated airs he ſenſe defy'd,
Chang'd his note, and check'd his pride,

A theme moſt pitiful he choſe,
A theme replete with melting woes;
He ſung of *Midas*'s friend and great protector,
The patriot, orator, and hector,
(Of weathercock, oh! wretched fate!)
Fall'n! fall'n! fall'n! fall'n!

Fall'n from the pinacle of ſtate,
Where he perch'd had been of late,
Deſerted, as he oft' had done the nation,
By thoſe of whom he once had been the admiration:
He now, alas! while all men flout him,
With not a friend to care about him,
Dies in a corner like a poiſon'd rat.

With downcaſt eyes the ſon of *Mammon* ſat
Revolving on that foul diſgrace,
Of levity the common caſe.

The ſongſter-bard well pleas'd to mark
Of ſenſibility ſome ſpark,
To ceaſe his wild-gooſe chaſe of fame,
Wiſh'd him to underſtand
That often in this land
Vulgar and popular are quite the ſame:
The mob, he ſung, were much abus'd
Who fair pretence too eaſily believ'd,
And if they chang'd, ſhou'd be excus'd,
They were not fickle then, but undeceiv'd.

From pity next for his ſad friend,
He moves him to the pity of himſelf,
Warning him not to ſplit on the ſame ſhelf,
Nor labour hard t'atchieve no better end.
In the calm Æolian meaſure,
He ſings, that virtue is true pleaſure,
Falſe honour but an empty bubble;
Vanity a toil and trouble;

A life

A life ſo wretchedly employ'd
Cou'dn't well be call'd enjoy'd,
While not both Indies' wealth, nor vain expence,
Cou'd e'er true dignity beſtow,
Or with a ſilly arrogance of brow
Supply the place of ſolid ſenſe.

The few applaud the well-meant ſong,
Unpleaſing to a trivial throng:
From *Mammon*'s ſon it no attention draws;
Reaſon, with him, was ſure to loſe her cauſe:
With native happineſs oppreſs'd,
Nothing cou'd penetrate his callous breaſt;
Muſic, in vain, a deeper ſound explores,
He yawns, nods, drops aſleep, and ſnores.

G.R.III. B.M.

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